



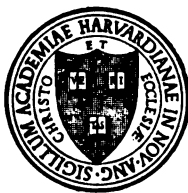
*Occasional sermons  
and addresses*

Isidore Meister

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Harvard Divinity School



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REV. ISIDORE MEISTER

# Occasional Sermons and Addresses

By

**The Reverend Isidore Meister**

Rector of the Church of the Most Holy Trinity  
Mamaroneck, N. Y.



New York  
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1904

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✝ JOHN M. FARLEY,  
*Archbishop of New York.*

NEW YORK, December 16, 1903.

TO  
THE REVEREND JAMES T. BARRY  
OF RYE, N. Y.

THE ZEALOUS PASTOR AND LEARNED ECCLESIASTIC  
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF A LONG, EQUABLE, SUNNY  
FRIENDSHIP  
IN GRATITUDE FOR MANY NEIGHBORLY AND PRIESTLY  
KINDNESSES

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR



## PREFATORY NOTE.

**Y**IELDING to the requests of several friends whose judgment and critical acumen I have every reason to hold in high esteem, I have undertaken, as a work of love, to collect and present in one volume these memorial sermons and occasional addresses. As most of them appeared in print at the time of their delivery, they are submitted to the kind reader with no other than some verbal corrections. That which mainly induced me to consent to their publication was the thought that they might be in some degree the means of perpetuating the memory of the saintly and venerable pioneer priests of this part of Westchester County. And this same feeling of high regard will, I hope and trust, render this little volume acceptable to their many friends and admirers. In furtherance of this end two short biographical sketches have been inserted.

▼

As to the Addresses, they having, with one exception, been prepared and delivered at the instance of the people of Mamaroneck, I take more than ordinary pleasure in inscribing them to the members of a community in which I have spent the best part of my life—twenty-eight years,—and in which I have always received such uniform, unusual, and generous kindnesses in the various undertakings, many of them arduous, which duty called me to perform.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, 1903.



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## THE REV. MARTIN DOWLING.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

AS the pioneer priests who planted the seed of the Church in this part of the country have recently passed to their reward, it must be a matter of interest to those who grew up under their ministrations, to learn something of their personal history.

In the beautiful town of Galmoy, County Kilkenny, Ireland, on the feast of St. Martin, November 11, 1825, Father Martin Dowling first saw the light. His father, Daniel, and his mother, Bridget Bowe, were blessed with eight children, six sons and two daughters, Martin being the third child. He was baptized in the Church of St. Michael, in his native place, by Father Fogarty. His father was a farmer in very comfortable circumstances. He took

a deep and earnest interest in the Christian training and education of his children. With this end in view, he secured the services of a competent tutor or schoolmaster, Patrick O'Hare, from one of the neighboring towns, to teach his children the rudiments. At an early age, young Martin was sent to Academy Temple, where he spent three years in preparing for matriculation in Kilkenny College; there he spent four years, passing through its curriculum of studies with honor, and there laid the foundation of that exact scholarship in the classics that ever afterwards distinguished him. He then entered upon a two years' course of logic, philosophy, and metaphysics, in St. Malachy's College, Waterford. Feeling a call to the priesthood, he entered Carlow College for Foreign Missions, where he spent one year. In 1850, he came to America, and entered St. Joseph's Seminary, at Fordham, where, at the end of two years, he was ordained priest, in February, 1853, by Bishop Hughes. His first assignment was New Rochelle, as an assistant to the Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, whose parish then extended from City Island to the State line

of Connecticut, including New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, White Plains, Tuckahoe, Larchmont, Rye, and Harrison. At the end of fourteen months, in 1854, the parish was divided, Father Dowling being assigned to the northern part of it, embracing Port Chester, White Plains, and Rye.

We feel only too keenly our inability to do anything like justice to a character and career which stood out in such strong colors, and which were linked with the eternal destiny of so many of his spiritual children.

With a flock scattered over a large territory, with a people suffering from poverty in its most abject condition, and lacking any education except the most elementary, he entered upon a pastorate of nearly half a century fraught with events of unusual historic importance, with the enthusiasm of youth and with a courage born of self-denial, of continual sacrifices, and a strong and abiding faith and trust in God. And aside from the faithful performance of the arduous obligations of a faithful shepherd to his flock, his clear mind saw the imperative necessity of caring for the moral training of his children, while receiving

the mental culture that would fit them for their life struggle against the fearful odds they fronted. With this end in view, he established a parish school in the gallery and vestry of his church. On account of the poverty of his people, out of his ardent desire to aid in the good work, and his love of everything that pertained to education, he discharged the duties of teacher himself. In the course of a few years, as his people advanced in numbers and well-being, in order to establish the all-important work of education upon a solid basis, and to insure its success for all time, he in harmony with the best traditions of the Church, and in accordance with the inspiration and heroic struggles of the "Lion of the Fold," Archbishop Hughes, now called to his assistance the world-renowned and beloved Sisters of Charity. O golden hour for the people of St. Mary's parish when those angelic Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul arrived at Port Chester!

The school building, the scene of their future labors, was a two-story brick structure, on Pearl Street; its dimensions being eighty by forty feet. At that time, in 1870, it was the

most substantial as well as the most architecturally perfect edifice of its kind in Port Chester, and even to-day it speaks in eloquent terms of the energy, the enterprise, and the fatherly zeal of its builder.

The Sisters who founded the school were Sister Salome, principal, assisted by Sisters Borgia, Anacleto, and Teresa. The larger boys had previously been taught by Mr. Stanley and Mr. Clark. Here we have the acorn from which grew the giant oak, which has stood and weathered every storm for over thirty years, and from under whose sheltering branches thousands of good, moral, and God-fearing children have been prepared for their stations in life, and, what is vastly more important, for their home in Heaven. Two generations of practical Catholics and loyal citizens have thus been under the formative influence of those matchless educators in the true sense of the word, the Sisters of Charity. It would be impossible here to give the roll of honor of the various and efficient educators that have had the destinies of this school in their keeping, during the long span of thirty years; but we cannot refrain from mentioning a few names that are

held in grateful benediction and sincere affection by the alumni of the school, viz. : Sisters Salome, Euphrasia, Ernestine, and Mary Jane, who taught for nineteen years consecutively ; Sisters Annunciata, Martina, and a host of others.

Among the pupils who have risen to positions of honor and distinction we might mention the Rev. James F. Malloy, whose boyhood was passed under the very shadow of the school and the altar of St. Mary's, and whose brilliant career as one of the most eloquent and successful of the junior clergy of New York City places him in the front ranks of those whose education had its beginnings in the Sisters' careful training of heart and mind.

For the Rev. Edward Jordan, recently ordained, if his career as a collegian and seminarian gives a forecast of his priestly life and work, we can predict an honored place in the ranks of the New York clergy.

It will not be amiss for us to state that two others upon whom Father Dowling poured the waters of regeneration in holy baptism, and upon the formation of whose characters and



careers he exerted a strong and fatherly influence, and who to-day stand conspicuous for their eloquence, learning, and priestly zeal, are the Rev. Richard Cushion and the Rev. Edward Beary.

In view of its glorious past, and looking forward to what must be its fortune when it shall take its place in the vicinity of the new St. Mary's Church, on Westchester Avenue,—the crowning glory of Port Chester, the pride of every Catholic and the admiration of every lover of art in architecture,—the new and more commodious home of St. Mary's School will be in keeping with its ever-expanding usefulness. *Floreat, crescat.*

It would be difficult to conceive of a more fitting or a more enduring monument to the apostolic zeal, to the far-reaching consequences, and the priestly virtues of Father Dowling, than this school of the parish of St. Mary's. The Recording Angel alone can bear witness to its countless beneficial results in the past, and it would require a prophet's vision to forecast its luminous future.

The second work of importance in a material point of view was the building of the church in

White Plains, under the patronage of St. John the Evangelist, in the year 1872.

Finding the little structure on the corner of Hamilton Street unable to accommodate the constantly increasing number of his parishioners, Father Dowling purchased the corner property opposite and gave it as his donation to the new undertaking. The edifice was a substantial wooden structure, Gothic in design, forty-five feet by one hundred feet, surmounted by a graceful spire. On the completion of the building the congregation was made a separate parish, the Rev. Father John McAvoy becoming its first pastor. The church was afterwards replaced by one built of marble, a memorial to Nathaniel D. Higgins and Jules Reynal by Mrs. Nathaniel F. Reynal, his mother.

On Tuesday, April 9, 1901, at his home on the Post Road, Father Dowling breathed his last. The end came calmly and peacefully, due to broncho-pneumonia ; he was surrounded by his sister and his niece, and Father James Barry, of Rye, his friend and neighbor. His death called forth expressions of grief and sympathy from the entire community, irrespective of creed. The funeral was held from

the Church of Our Lady of Mercy. Long before the doors of the church were opened the crowd began to gather, and when they were at last opened, the people thronged into the edifice, and it was only a few minutes when every seat in the large and spacious building was occupied; the gallery and the aisles were hardly able to contain the large concourse of mourners.

The body of the dead priest lay in state in the church Thursday night, watched by members of the different Catholic societies of the parish. He lay in a black broadcloth casket, heavily draped, and was dressed in full vestments. In his hands was placed a gold chalice.

The funeral services were most impressive. The Rev. Father John Kellener, of St. Gabriel's Church, New Rochelle, and the Rev. Father Thomas M. O'Keefe, of St. Benedict's Church, New York City, were the chanters of the Divine Office, the Very Rev. Dean Lings, of Yonkers, presiding at this function, assisted by a large number of priests.

This was followed by a Solemn Mass of Requiem, in the presence of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. The Cele-

brant of the Mass was the Rev. Father John A. Waters, successor to the departed priest, assisted by the Rev. Father James T. Barry, of the Church of the Resurrection, Rye, as deacon, the Rev. Father Edward Beary, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Mt. Vernon, sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Richard B. Cushion of St. Jerome's Church, New York City, Master of Ceremonies.

The sermon, preached by the Rev. Isidore Meister, had for its text the words of Holy Writ, from the First Book of Kings, Second Chapter, 35th verse: "I will raise me up a faithful priest, who will do according to my heart and my soul."

*Most Reverend Archbishop, Very Rev. Dean, Rev. Fathers, and Beloved Brethren of the Laity.* The solemn duty that calls us together to-day is always sad and awe inspiring. Death is the first and the greatest of all physical misfortunes; it receives a keener edge when it comes to us amid the joyous and gladsome Eastertide, when the very air is palpitating with the triumph of the Risen Saviour over sin and the powers of darkness. At such a time our

sorrow is intensified, when we are thus rudely confronted by the sad truth borne home to us so vividly, that stern, unrelenting Death claims all times and all places as his own. This is doubly true when Death lays his hand upon those who are fighting him at every step of his victorious career ; when he holds in his cold embrace, one who has spent a long and useful life in preparing countless souls for his oncoming.

When Death steps in between a Pastor and his people, the consequences are still more woful, because now a relationship both sacred and divine is severed.

“All souls are mine,” saith the Lord, and hence the charge over souls is of divine appointment, and the results that flow therefrom are eternal, beyond the reach of the empire of death. This sacred relation between priest and people is thus made everlasting and will become one of the crowning joys of Heaven ; it will always form a golden link between them ; every priest being merged in the Good Shepherd, this bond of unity will link indissolubly the souls of the redeemed with the Divine Shepherd.

It was the intention in the mind of God, that Cain's hatred, who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" should be supplanted by the Good Shepherd's love, and thus the priesthood here becomes the invisible chain that binds all hearts in the common brotherhood of man. The Lord of the flock puts the sheepfold into his trust, and he must answer for it with his life. St. Gregory says: "A pastor has as many souls of his own as he has sheep in his flock." Who could give him so great a charge but God only, who alone could say, "All souls are mine"? There is then a mutual relation of authority and submission by divine institution. But what man has authority over another by the law of nature, or unless by direct commission under the supernatural law of grace? Where no authority is, there can be no duty to submit. "Every man shall bear his own burden"; but the burdens of many are laid, by divine command, upon the shepherd of souls. He is not answerable for the effects of his care, but only for its faithful discharge. When he has given his heart and strength and time, his life, and if so be, his death, to serve and to save his

flock, he may rest in peace. The blood of those that perish will not be required of him. But what zeal, abnegation of self, what generosity and patience, what humility and charity, are needful to bear with the wickedness of the sinful and the waywardness of the good ! The shepherd must go in all things before the flock or they cannot follow him.

I think that the character of our deceased friend and your pastor is fitly described in the words of the text, spoken of old in relation to Samuel : " I will raise me up a faithful priest." He was faithful to the hallowed and sacred influences of a good Christian home, the centre and origin of all the great forces that move and control the world, a home presided over by good and worthy parents, who treasured the faith of their children above wealth, or power, or worldly influence, whose highest ambition was to place on the divine altar a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. With this end in view any and all sacrifices became a burden light and a yoke sweet. It was this genuine Catholic feeling and Heaven-inspired impulse that induced the mother of the illustrious and eloquent Irish

barrister, when the most laudatory encomiums were passed on the burning eloquence of her son, to reply : "The saying of a single Mass would please me more than all this praise and glory." To devote to the altar of God another Christ is without doubt the height of a Christian mother's ambition. In the perpetuation of the Incarnation it places her upon a level with the Mother of the Redeemer herself, it becomes the brightest jewel in the diadem of the mother ; aye, let us own it, and proclaim it with all the emphasis at our disposal, the Church herself for her very existence depends upon the Christian household, since none but a well-born child is permitted to enter into the sanctuary of the Most High and offer sacrifice for the sins of the people.

With this end in view, and in order to develop, as far as in them lay, the germs of a vocation to the holy priesthood, and also to develop it in others of his immediate neighborhood, his parents secured the services of a private tutor in their own home, and from thence at an early age young Martin was sent to a neighboring academy to prepare for matriculation in Kilkenny College, where



he spent four years, passing through his course of studies with honor, and where he acquired the classical scholarship that distinguished him through life; his philosophical studies were pursued at St. Malachy's College, Waterford. Feeling a call to the sacred ministry, he entered Carlow College for Foreign Missions, where he began the study of theology. In 1850, yearning for a wider field for his missionary labors, in company with so many of his countrymen he crossed the Atlantic, and received a warm welcome from the Man of Providence, the great, the illustrious, John Hughes, Bishop of New York. After three years spent in St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, under the world-renowned masters of sacred learning, the Jesuit Fathers, he was ordained a priest of God, in 1853, by Bishop Hughes. With the oil of consecration still moist upon his hands, he was sent by Bishop Hughes to assist Father McLoughlin, of New Rochelle, whose parish then comprised the eastern part of the county, viz., New Rochelle, Tuckahoe, White Plains, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, Rye, Harrison, and Larchmont. Here we have the beginning of the joint labors of these two

venerable pioneers of Catholicity in this part of the county. *Par nobile fratrum.* The Rev. Father McLoughlin, of New Rochelle, still survives in the full possession of his mental faculties, enjoying the sunset of a well-spent life.

After eighteen months the district was divided ; Father Dowling was placed in charge of the northern part, embracing Port Chester, White Plains, and Rye. In making a mental retrospect of a pastorate of forty years or more, amid difficulties that at this distant day seem almost insurmountable, the words of our text come to our minds, with the force and power of their divine origin and as characterizing his long service as a pastor. "I will raise me up a faithful priest." Heaven itself bears its unfailing testimony in the full radiance and glory of numerous souls who are there by means of his priestly ministrations, and who to-day, though unseen by us, unite with us in grateful thanksgiving and in fervent prayers for the eternal rest of him whom we honor to-day by these solemn obsequies. Of the living, who can speak in terms that will not contain the element of exaggeration ? Who can translate into the cold medium of

human speech the glow, the warmth of affectionate gratitude of this vast concourse of his spiritual children, whose Christian character he moulded by precept and example, to whom he broke the Bread of Angels and preached the word of truth, whose souls he strengthened by the sacramental graces of the Redemption, even the blood of Jesus Christ? His faithfulness included every element and every need of his children.

Deeply imbued with the heroic zeal of the great shepherd of this diocese on the all-important question of Catholic education, and realizing to the full that no prudent general carries on a campaign with his base of supplies cut off, he early in his pastoral work here established the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul (those heroines of God who rendered such important services in many a battlefield and hospital of our late war) as the teachers of his children, to the end that the three great factors which go to build the Christian character—the home, the school, and the church—might exert in the fullest measure their power for good; and the result you all know—a generation of true and devout Catholics. He held

it as a sacred truth, that thorough moral training should go hand in hand with mental development, not only in the upbuilding of the true Christian, but also as the best means of safeguarding the true interests and stability of the State, since honesty and obedience form the strongest pillars in the Temple of Liberty. We might add here that the profoundest thinkers and the best statesmen are slowly and gradually coming to a realization of this important truth.

His faithfulness as a priest of God stands out in bolder relief, when we consider the early years of his priestly life. It is hard to realize at this distant day the hardships that the pioneer priests underwent,—the rough roads, the long journeys, the insufficient means, the stress of weather, and above all the poverty of the people, a poverty that was looked upon as a disgrace, a poverty that admitted only of the essentials in the Divine Worship as well as in the administration of the sacraments. Add to these the intensely hostile feelings of non-Catholics, the burning of churches, of convents, and asylums, in a word, when nearly every man's hand was raised against a Catholic, and then

you have a faint idea of the sacrifices made and endured by the heroic priests of that day and generation.

In these various trying ordeals, his piety, which was of the unostentatious kind, shone forth. Genuine piety as we know has three qualities: it is self-denying, charitable, and courageous. It is self-denying because self-indulgence or ease kills the true love of God. It is kind and charitable, because it sees Jesus Christ in every creature. And it is courageous, because human respect and the custom of the world soon extinguish the piety of a soul that is a coward.

When after years of strenuous toil and arduous labor, he shrank from the task of building a more commodious and substantial church, he had planted the seed so well that his worthy and honored successor found the task comparatively easy; and shall we not say, that this stately edifice and architectural gem will stand for future ages as the joint monument of the priests' zeal and the people's generosity?

It can easily be imagined that, if some of the priests of that period lacked the graces of the polished ecclesiastic, they possessed that

which was all-important,—the sturdy character, the vigorous faith, the indomitable courage, and the austere life of the true confessor of the faith. They are fast passing away. Their work remains. Generations to come will call them blessed. We all acknowledge the wisdom of placing them in the forefront in the planting of the youthful and glorious Church of America.

Having been thus faithful in the discharge of his manifold duties, as a true priest of God, as a loyal citizen, and as a sincere friend, how consoling beyond the power of words is the refrain of Mother Church in her kindly solicitude for her children, “May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace.” How grateful, how refreshing, is this repose in the very bosom of God at the close of a long and laborious life; having been faithful over few things, he will be placed over many.

And now, dear departed, in union with all thy children, mayest thou rest in peace, in the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding, in peace with thyself, in peace with the host of the elect, and of all the just made perfect. Amen.

### MEMORIAL MASSES.

**T**HE thirtieth day Memorial Mass was largely attended both by his brother priests and his faithful flock.

The first anniversary Mass, on April 9, 1902, brought together a numerous attendance, partly on account of its being made the occasion of the unveiling of his monument in St. Mary's cemetery.

After the Mass, the Reverend Fathers present, numbering about thirty, proceeded to the place of burial, accompanied by many of Father Dowling's old parishioners and friends. At the close of the religious exercises and singing by the quartette from St. Agnes' Church, New York City, the monument was unveiled. The Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, of New Rochelle, his first and only pastor, as well as his life-long friend and neighbor, delivered the address.

He said that they were assembled to pay their tribute of appreciation and brotherly feeling to the remains and memory of one who was in every way worthy of it. In accordance with the spirit of our holy religion and in conformity with their own heartfelt wishes, on this, the anniversary of his demise, they had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharistic God for his eternal well-being. He declared that the children of his parish would never forget him. The monument that he had erected in their hearts by means of his priestly ministrations would be more enduring, because eternal, than this monument of stone and bronze, erected to show in a small degree their gratitude and their regard for his memory. It was all of fifty years since Father Dowling was sent by Archbishop Hughes, to assist him in this part of Westchester County, where there were now some sixteen priests laboring in the same district. He said it was not for him to say how their twin labors had been blessed. It was refreshing and consoling, after innumerable trials and hardships in the old days, to see something of the fruit of their efforts and sacrifices. Father Dowling was always to him



the true friend and priest of God. He always relied upon his judgment in matters of importance. His was the rugged honesty, the indomitable courage and steady perseverance. Obstacles seemed to stimulate him. Opposition nerved him to stronger efforts, and his fifty years of unstained priestly life mark him as one of the noble band of pioneer priests, whose record and history are the glory of the Catholic Church in America.

The monument itself is of unique design. Hitherto all memorial monuments have taken the shape of obelisks, crosses, and mounds, but this one consists of a slab, mounted on a foundation with three steps leading up to it. It is considered a work of great artistic merit, and there is no monument similar to it in any cemetery in the United States, but it follows the style in vogue in Catholic countries.

On the face of the slab there is a high relief in bronze, representing Christ nailed to the cross, while at His feet kneel the Blessed Virgin and Saint Mary Magdalen. Above the cross is a book with the letters "I. N. R. I." The figures were designed by J. N. Gosling, who was recently selected from among a number of

French artists to design a bust of the late President McKinley.

On the back of the monument, facing the road, is a tablet with the following inscription :

In Memory  
of the  
REV. MARTIN DOWLING  
For forty-six years  
Pastor of this Parish  
Died April 9th, 1901  
Aged Seventy-five years  
Remember your Pastors who have spoken the word of  
God to you.

The monument faces the cemetery, and, in accord with the wishes of Father Dowling, he lies facing his people. The grave is situated on the right side as one enters the gate, and it is only proper that it should be so, for it was Father Dowling who bought the ground and laid out the cemetery.





**REV. THOMAS McLOUGHLIN**

## THE REV. THOMAS McLOUGHLIN.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I GLADLY avail myself of this opportunity to present a short biographical sketch of the last of the pioneer priests, one who left the impress of his character and virtues on a wide field of labor.

The Rev. Thomas McLoughlin was born in Shanless, Ardee, County Louth, Ireland, on the 21st day of November, 1826, and was baptized on the 26th of the same month by the Rev. John Levins, P.P. His father was Patrick, a farmer, as was his grandfather, Thomas, and his great-grandfather, John, all formerly of the Parish of Collon.

When young he was sent to a National school, and at the age of fourteen went to the College of Navan, County Meath, where he

studied five years. He then came to the United States and in November, 1845, began his studies for the priesthood at St. John's College, Fordham, which was then under the presidency of the Rev. John Harley, and subsequently of the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, afterwards Bishop of Newark, and later Archbishop of Baltimore.

On the Jesuits taking charge of Fordham College and Seminary, he continued his studies with them, and went through a one-year's course of philosophy and a three-years' course of theology.

He was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, later Archbishop of New York, on the 1st of August, 1851. Already in the early years of his priesthood he was distinguished for his love of justice and fair play for every man, black or white.

In a short catechism which he compiled for the children of his parish, the answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" was, "Mankind of whatever country, color, race, or religion." This indicated his natural love of justice and the brotherhood of man, made him an abolitionist before the war, a Union man

during the war, and later, a strong and zealous advocate of the "Single Tax."

His first mission was a temporary chaplaincy of Calvary Cemetery during the sickness of Father Conroy, the then chaplain. After three months, on the first of November, 1851, he was appointed assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Avenue, New York, under the pastor, Father McCarren. There he labored for three years, when he was appointed pastor of New Rochelle and its outside missions, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, White Plains, Tuckahoe, Rye, City Island, Pelhamville, Harrison, and Bronxville. The mission thus extended from Westchester and Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Stamford, Conn., and from the East River to Yonkers. About a year after, he resigned the churches at Port Chester and White Plains to his assistant, the late Rev. Martin Dowling. Later he resigned Tuckahoe and Mamaroneck, where he had built churches, to resident priests, and finally priests were stationed at Rye, City Island, and Pelhamville; and now a church is being built in Harrison. Then his work for some years was confined to New Rochelle alone, where, after enlarging and improving

his church on Drake Avenue, he found it still too small and its situation not sufficiently central. He then purchased the site of the present church, and after many years built a substantial and roomy edifice on it. He took down the old brick church on Drake Avenue, and with the materials built the school which now stands alongside his marble church, one of the most beautiful in the country. This church was erected some years after the destruction of the wooden one by lightning on June 24, 1890. This task was undertaken amid great and trying difficulties, and after his parish was divided ; still he succeeded, and the beautiful church now stands a monument to his energy and perseverance, and an ornament and pride of New Rochelle.

The esteem and veneration in which he was held by people of all classes and denominations were evidenced in a degree unparalleled in the history of this country, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood, in August, 1901. The exercises began on Monday morning with the celebration of a solemn high Mass by the jubilarian, with the Reverend Doctors Burt-



sell and McSweeney as deacon and sub-deacon, in the presence of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, and about seventy priests. The sermon, one of unusual eloquence and power, was preached by the Right Reverend Bishop Farley, now Archbishop of New York. During the banquet which followed, the late Archbishop Corrigan, in responding to the toast, "Our Holy Father," found many points of resemblance between Father McLoughlin and Pope Leo XIII. in their age, their wisdom, their large-heartedness, and their many sterling virtues. He was followed by the Rev. Denis P. O'Flynn, of St. Joseph's Church, New York, who spoke of him as "a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech." His lifelong and devoted friend, Thomas Cummings, the eminent journalist, spoke on the theme "Men, not Angels, the Ministers of the Gospel." The present writer paid him a feeling tribute, in response to the toast "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

The children always had a large share in the affections of his fatherly heart. It was his predominant trait as a priest. It was natural

therefore, that after the eminent prelates, and the prominent priests of the diocese had done him honor, the children of the parish should come in for their share in his golden jubilee. Tuesday evening was devoted to the presentation by them of an address full of tender feeling and filial affection, together with a substantial love token as the first offering in the course of the jubilee celebration. The appropriateness of their being the first in offering their gift, touched the venerable jubilarian beyond the power of expression on his part. On Wednesday a public reception was held in St. Matthew's Hall, from four to six o'clock. In the evening there was a parade, participated in by the various Catholic societies of New Rochelle and the neighboring towns and cities. It was estimated that about ten thousand men were in the line of march. Thursday evening was devoted to the civic celebration. Mayor Dillon, surrounded by the Common Council and all the other officials of the City, presided at a mass meeting in Metropolitan Hall. Addresses were made by Mayor Dillon, Father Nilan, several clergymen of the Protestant denominations, and others distinguished in

civil and professional life. In St. Matthew's Hall, on Friday evening, the grand parish celebration took place, at which representatives from the various parishes which were formerly under Father McLoughlin's charge made addresses and presented offerings. The Mamaroneck delegation was headed by Daniel Warren, President of the Village, who spoke with much feeling and eloquence of the early labors and sacrifices of the venerable patriarch in the town of Mamaroneck, and then presented to him a beautiful gold ciborium, of artistic workmanship and design, with the following inscription: "Gratissimis ex donis filiorum spiritualium Mamaroneck Tuckahoeque occasione jubilæi aurei reverendi patris Thomæ MacLoughlin die IX Augusti MDCCCL."

The Hon. William Ryan, Member of Congress, was the spokesman of the delegation from Port Chester. The honorable gentleman gave reminiscences of his early boyhood, nearly fifty years ago, and contrasted the conditions of public feeling and sentiment as existing then and now, dwelling on the bitterness felt towards Catholics, their social ostracism, their extreme poverty, and attributing the

change of feeling in great part to the sterling virtues and broadmindedness and heroic sacrifices of men like the venerable jubilarian.

Counsellor John M. Digney, of White Plains, spoke with much feeling and power of the traditions cherished in White Plains regarding the early labors and difficulties of Father McLoughlin when White Plains was part of his parish. Mr. R. H. Bellew spoke in like manner of Tuckahoe. The parish address, the address of the evening in point of eloquence, filial regard, and affectionate appreciation, was delivered by the Hon. John J. Crennan. It was a tribute worthy of the occasion, worthy of the pastor, and highly worthy of the great work accomplished in New Rochelle. As the stately and eloquent sentences flowed from his lips, the vast audience was held in a spell of delight and enthusiasm. He described in glowing terms the uniform fatherly kindness, the real catholicity, the generous impulses, the kindly help and sympathy to the unfortunate and afflicted, irrespective of color or creed, the sturdy manhood, the loyal citizenship, and the pure and unblemished priestly character of their devoted friend and pastor,

a man whom all feel proud to honor. The ceremonies on the part of the parish closed by the presentation of a check of something over five thousand dollars, by trustees T. J. Burke and John Molloy.

Father McLoughlin was a strong advocate of religious education. He wanted Catholic education for Catholics, and for every one else the religious education desired by the parents. He was consistent. More than twenty years ago, in trying to relieve the Catholic children of New Rochelle from what he considered persecution in the public schools, and while protesting against Catholic children being compelled to read the Protestant Bible, he advocated the retention of the Protestant Bible in the public schools for Protestant children. When it was taken away from them he was the only one to protest, and he addressed a letter to the Protestant parents begging them to vote to have the Bible brought back.

Any sketch of the life of Father McLoughlin would be incomplete without a statement of his views on the economic question of the single tax. His own statement of his position will best represent his views.

“With my lifelong friend, Dr. McGlynn, and such distinguished prelates as Bishop Nulty, of Meath, and Cardinal Manning, the great and good friend of Henry George, as well as many other bishops, priests and laymen of the Catholic church, I hold that the single tax would practically abolish involuntary poverty, and with it the temptations and sins poverty too often brings. It would secure for every man opportunity to labor, as well as the proceeds or worth of his labor. It would make him at last a free man, not dependent on any man nor begging of any man permission to labor. It would do justice in giving back to man what God created for him and gave him to live on and by; but what cruel, unjust American law has taken away from him and given over to the sole use and benefit of the miscalled owners; thus depriving him of the means of life, as we may see in Pennsylvania to-day.

“Under the single tax men would not be unwilling to marry for fear of not being able to support a wife and rear a large family. The family would thus be multiplied and strengthened instead of as now, lessened and weakened.

“A man would love to be in his home (for he could then have a home) and with his children, instead of in the whiskey shop or even in the club. He would be sure of modern comfort and have little or no fear for the future. He would not envy any one, rich by superior talents or strength of mind or body. The arrogance of the rich and the corresponding obsequiousness of the poor, growing apace among us, would wane and soon cease altogether. Equality would make great and good progress and a man would at least be ‘a man for a’ that.’

“I believe that the single tax, in conjunction with the mighty power of the Catholic religion on the spiritual side, which has such care for man, watching over him and ministering to him from the cradle to the grave, and even after death following him by her prayers and sacrifices, would bring on a little, yea a big millennium, a little Heaven on earth, a foretaste of the eternal Heaven hereafter.

“Nor would the rich lose. On the contrary, their happiness would be immeasurably enhanced. Is it nothing to see one’s fellowman raised from poverty to comfort, from a lifelong

labor for others to a life labor for himself? For under the benign and just influence of the single tax all the fruits of man's labor would be his own, to dispose of them according to his good pleasure. Is it nothing for the rich to be freed from envy, jealousy, and ever-growing hatred? Would it not be a pleasure to see justice done, God's justice, even if we suffer a little ourselves, even if we suffer much? What happiness here below can excel that of seeing our fellowman happy? Give him what God has given him, the land, his rights in land, his God-given natural opportunities, and that happiness is secured at once.

"Not till that becomes the law of the land shall strikes cease; agreements, compromises, settlements will be but makeshifts to be followed later by more serious complications, dissatisfactions, ending in revolution and war, and the disruption of the country.

"I feel fully assured that the Catholic religion and the single tax combined would save the country, and hence, as a priest, I feel it my duty to labor for both."



## THE FUNERAL OF FATHER McLOUGHLIN.

**I**T is seldom that the funeral of a priest evokes such expressions of sorrow. His having been stricken at the altar in the act of saying Mass added a singular solemnity to the death of this venerable pioneer of Catholicity on the northern shore of Long Island Sound. The city of New Rochelle, where he labored for nearly fifty years, and where, almost two years before, his golden jubilee of ordination was celebrated with such universal joy by all classes of people, was draped in mourning. During the time of his lying in state, thousands visited the church, many coming from neighboring towns, where he had once labored.

The funeral services were of a solemn and impressive character. Nearly two hundred priests, from far and near, came to do honor to their deceased brother and friend.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, sang the solemn pontifical Mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Lings, as deacon of honor, and the Rev. James H. McGean, as sub-deacon of honor. The Rev. Edward Flynn of Mount Vernon was archpriest; the Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Burtzell, his lifelong friend, was deacon of the Mass, and the Rev. Edward Tierney, a native of the parish, sub-deacon; the Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, of St. Gabriel's, and the Rev. Henry Newey, also a native of the parish, were Masters of Ceremonies. There were present the Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, V. G.; the Right Rev. Monsignor John Edwards, the Rev. presidents of several colleges, and about two hundred priests.

## THE FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

“Let a man so regard us, as ministers of God, stewards of the mysteries of God. Here now it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.”—I COR. iv., 1-5.

*Your Grace, Right Reverend Monsignori, Reverend Fathers, and Beloved Brethren :*

It has been well remarked by one of our distinguished writers, that the sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal — every other affliction to forget ; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open — this affliction we cherish, and brood over it in solitude. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourned? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. This sorrow bears the divine sanction of the Redeemer Himself, who wept bitterly at the tomb of his friend, Lazarus, and whose kindly

sympathy thus placed a consecration all holy and divine upon that which is the common lot of our humanity. It brought forth from the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer the most consoling words that ever fell from His lips — words that have come down the ages, assuaging the bruised hearts of millions upon millions, words sweeter than seraph ever hymned, *Ego sum resurrectio et vita*, “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” This sorrow ennobles those who grieve, refines and elevates them. It is unselfish in the highest degree. It is the underlying test of true manhood; it is the sacrament of our nature. By a law of its own it takes its measure and its depth from the worth, the virtues, and the amiable qualities of the one mourned. It is the highest claim of friendship.

When we seek to pay tribute to the character of Father McLoughlin as a friend, we feel the inadequacy of the power of human speech. It must needs be conceded that friendship in the social order is what the sun is in the physical universe, lighting up the dark phases of human life, bringing its warmth and genial glow to hearts attuned to its attractive-

ness ; in the case of our departed friend, it became an inspiration to higher and nobler living, by the energizing force of his example, thus making him the centre of its inherent moral power. It became an abundant source of blessings and sanctification to those who were privileged to share it.

This large-hearted man, whose intellect bore the highest test,—the philosophic,—drew to himself, as to a centre, some of the brightest intellects and the purest hearts of men, whose names and sterling characters are household words on two continents. In storm, in stress, in misfortune, his friendship took on a heroic form and bearing ; and, oblivious of self, he was found where sympathy and comfort and substantial aid were called for.

Enjoying as we do beyond all other nations the blessings of free institutions and liberal government, established and sustained, not by armed force, but by and upon the intelligence, the civic virtues, and essentially upon the manhood of its citizens, it is not only the bounden duty and the conscientious obligation, but the agreeable task, to “render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” since all

power is from God ; and hence, all that made for the weal and prosperity of the nation had the loyal and hearty support of Father McLoughlin. When the nation's life was in peril, when the loyal sons of the young Republic by thousands and thousands poured out their life's blood on many a hard-fought battlefield, his great heart glowed with patriotic ardor second to none ; and therefore by speech, by advice, and by means of fervent exhortations, he threw his whole heart and mind into the great struggle for our national existence. He fully understood and realized the religion of patriotism, that it is this religion that gives to country its majesty and to patriotism its sacredness and force. Allegiance to country is limited only by allegiance to God. God and His eternal laws of justice and righteousness stand first and hold first claims upon conscience. With him patriotism was not enlarged selfishness, but the divine principle of brotherly love and zeal for all that stood for the betterment of his own country. A country which permits the violation of these principles, subverts its own moral authority, and becomes an aggregation

of human wills, which physical force alone can sustain.

Matters so shaped themselves that there was no need to offer himself as a chaplain, like so many of his confrères. He found the field of his activity and loyal devotion in the military station and hospital on David's Island, within the confines of his own parish.

Coming from a land where oppression was strong and unrelenting, his logical mind placed him in the forefront of the champions of those held in the chains of slavery, and his great heart felt strongly for the untold miseries they endured ; and hence, in the two great issues of his day and generation—the preservation of our federal union and the extirpation of the institution of slavery—he stood unflinchingly and heroically for the right. He was the model, the patriotic, the influential citizen of his adopted country, thus admirably rendering “to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.”

In the First Book of Kings, this prophecy is recorded of Samuel, in the words of the Almighty Himself : “And I will raise me up a faithful priest, that shall do according to that which is in my heart and soul.” This

prophecy found its complete fulfilment in the priestly life and character of our deceased friend and brother.

Springing from a martyr race that for heroic sacrifices and unfaltering endurance stands first and foremost in the annals of historic truth, there flowed in his veins the blood of martyrs and confessors in a long line of generations. His was the inheritance, the precious dowry of a vigorous faith, and holy traditions and untold services of a devout ancestry. In his early manhood, at the age of twenty, crossing the then almost trackless ocean, he came to this, the land of his adoption, and, feeling strongly the divine call, even as Aaron of old, he offered his clean heart, his bright mind, and his energetic character to the service of God in the priesthood.

Having completed his studies in the famous college and seminary at Fordham, he was anointed and ordained a priest of the Most High, in August, 1850, by Archbishop Hughes. It is just here that we should greatly desire, if only for a few moments, the genius and eloquence of a Père Lacordaire or a Cardinal Newman, to do something like justice to the



life and character of Father McLoughlin as a priest of God, and hence we hope and trust that your fuller knowledge and personal experience will fill out in stronger colors what must on our part be but an imperfect and feeble outline.

His first assignment was to St. Joseph's Church, on Sixth Avenue, which then embraced a large part of the west side of New York City. Here he found what his young heart so ardently desired, a large field for his burning zeal, his unostentatious piety, and his untiring devotion. After three years thus spent in old St. Joseph's, and nearly half a century ago, he was placed in charge of this parish, embracing Port Chester, White Plains, Tuckahoe, and Mamaroneck, not to speak of Larchmont, Harrison, and Rye, which have since sprung into existence.

It has been truly said that the lion-hearted, the learned, and eloquent first Archbishop of New York was a providential man ; that he was specially fitted by his many brilliant qualities, his sterling character, and indomitable courage, to lay broad and deep the foundations of the Catholic Church in this

great and prosperous field ; and hence, the acts of his administration partake of this same providential character, not the least of which was the assignment of the young priest, in the very flower of his manhood, to this parish of New Rochelle and its environment. Possessing, as he did in an eminent degree, learning, piety, and zeal, this trinity of moral and supernatural forces has gone forth hence as from a common centre to every part of his jurisdiction with a potency all divine during the long span of half a century. In all the various agencies that make for the betterment of human kind, there is none to surpass this, and this in itself forms the best, the highest eulogy.

Omnipotence wrought the utmost that it can do for a priest of God, when were said to him the words, " As the Father hath sent me, so also I send you " ; " He that heareth you heareth me " ; " Do this in commemoration of me " ; " Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them ; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." If, therefore, we ask in what relation the priest stands to the Eternal Deity, the answer must be : By grace, by adoption, by participation, he exercises the

priestly functions of the Incarnate Son of God. Well may the unbelieving man cry out against such an assumption of supernatural powers as blasphemous; and, on the other hand, well may the faithful multitude "fear and glorify God, who has given such power to men." To exercise these awful and divine forces, to put in activity these holy and sanctifying influences, to stand, even as the Redeemer Himself, for the salvation of countless souls, to pour the regenerating waters of baptism, to absolve and free the sin-laden soul, to stand watch and ward at the bedside of the dying, to send souls to their accounting with the words "Thy sins are forgiven thee"; to instruct the ignorant, to move the obdurate of heart and unbelief, to preach by the matchless eloquence of good example, to console the sorrow-stricken, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb daily at the rising of the sun, to be always ready at the call of duty, regardless of life itself, and this for fifty years and more, is worthy of all praise and the reward eternal. To such a life and services no language can do justice.

Those of us who are reaping in the field

wherein he sowed, can bear testimony to the character of his work. The affection of our people, their faith, and their intelligence, as well as their generosity, attest the manner and quality of his early sowing. With one and all, his name is held in benediction.

The beautiful and substantial churches in White Plains, Port Chester, Mamaroneck, and Harrison are the visible evidences of the vitality of the faith that was planted there by the venerable patriarch who lies in death before us. In all of these places, and others, from abject poverty many of his spiritual children occupy positions of eminence in the learned professions, in commerce, and in civil life, not to speak of worldly prosperity.

It is almost impossible at this distant day to realize the flood of prejudice and bitterness that all but inundated this and other parts of our beloved country, in the early days of his priesthood here ; this gradually subsided, and the rainbow of peace, of brotherly love, of mutual respect and regard appeared in the clear Heavens, and that mainly and largely through the potential influence of the sincere friend, the patriotic citizen, Rev. Father

Thomas McLoughlin, and his priestly life and character.

And when a few years ago a recrudescence of a similar movement for a short time again darkened the skies, it was like a ripple on the water in comparison with the storm that previously made such havoc in the land, so well and thoroughly had the work of diffusing good sense and sound statesmanship been performed in regard to our relations with our fellow-citizens.

It must seem a singular coincidence, that as he ministered to the spiritual wants of three generations, and of a fourth that was just appearing on the horizon, he in like manner passed his priestly life under the spiritual jurisdiction of three great prelates, whose virtues and brilliant achievements are the sacred inheritance of the Church of God, in this important diocese; and also he was permitted by a kind Providence to see the bright advent of a fourth, who loved and honored him as a brother, and offered up this morning the Clean Oblation to the High Priest for the repose of his soul.

His death was hallowed beyond that of most

men : like the great patron of a happy death, St. Joseph, in the divine presence of Jesus Christ, on the feast of His Immaculate Mother, in the very act of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the new law, the Angel of Death kindly and gently loosened the silver cord, and as the veil of his mortal existence was withdrawn, the vision of the open Heavens, like unto St. Stephen of old, flashed upon his pure spirit, and his soul, laden with merits and countless sacrifices as well as triumphs, took its flight to his Heavenly home. There was a solemn pathos in the manner of his death. One<sup>1</sup> who combines in his charming personality the best traditions and culture of two families noted for their virtues and services to Mother Church on both sides of the Atlantic, and whom he regarded as the apple of his eye, took for his text on the occasion of the solemn dedication of this magnificent and henceforth monumental temple, the vision of the patriarch Jacob, who saw a ladder reaching up to Heaven itself, and beheld the Angels of God descending and ascending on it, and the Lord God Himself leaning upon it. For

<sup>1</sup> His nephew, the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin.

centuries of time, as petitions will ascend from this place, made holy by his life and his death, and are borne aloft by angels on the ladder of prayer and sacrifice, he will see to it in his great fatherly heart that the descending angels bring to his spiritual children answers full and abundant. In selecting this text, the preacher spoke wiser than he knew.

And now, friend and priest beloved of God and men and angels, we say not farewell, for thou art gone before and not from us. We shall meet thee again, if we are worthy, in the Heavenly Jerusalem, in the company of many thousands of angels, the Church of the first born, whose names are written in the Heavens with God, the Judge of all.

SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION  
OF THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. JO-  
SEPH H. HAYNE, PASTOR OF THE  
CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CON-  
CEPTION, IRVINGTON, N. Y., NOV. 9, 1902.

"For every priest taken from among men, is appointed for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can bear gently with the ignorant and erring, for that he himself is also compassed with infirmity, and by reason thereof is bound, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins."—HEBREWS: 5th Chapter, 1, 2, 3.

*Right Reverend Monsignor,<sup>1</sup> Very Reverend  
Dean, Reverend Fathers, Beloved Brethren :*

The words of the great apostle express in strong language the twofold element of the priestly character—the human and the divine : the one reaching to the highest Heaven, the other terminating with his humanity, and thus adapting it in the divine economy of the Re-

<sup>1</sup> The Right Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y.



demption to our nature and condition as well as to our destiny. It seems, at first sight, strange that human speech should be employed as the poor medium of eulogy on an occasion like this. When we reflect that Omnipotence itself has done all that can be done for the priest of the new law ; when we consider his intimate and real co-operation in the divine work of the redemption of souls ; when we realize how his face is always turned heavenward, that he is continually employed in raising up the fallen, in giving new strength to the good, in ministering at the bedside of the dying, and gathering in the harvest of the great Sower ; in dispelling the gloom of ignorance and the darkness of unbelief, in shedding the effulgent light of the truth as it is in Christ ; in pouring the balm of deep and effective consolation into hearts bruised and bleeding ; in freeing the sinner from the shackles of slavery ; in standing at the divine altar daily at the rising of the sun, and offering the Divine Victim for the sins of his people, and averting the wrath of the Almighty from them ; in having his soul always in his hands, in all dangers and perils, in honor and dishonor ; in being made a

spectacle continually to angels, to the world, and to men—one who has done this for thirty-two years has deserved for himself title to honor, love, and respect beyond the power of expression. Such a life and work are in themselves the most eloquent eulogy that can be pronounced upon any creature in the wide range of God's works. It is to be remembered in this connection, that all the works of a priest tend to insure not only his sanctification, but the acquiring of merits that will receive an eternal reward. It is the teaching of theologians that the especial fruit of the Mass cannot be applied to any one else, even if the priest so wished it.

Here we might fitly close, but in a life of such length and influence for the betterment of his fellow-men, there must needs be much to inspire others and thereby console those whose hearts are sorely bereaved.

Five and fifty years ago, in the city of New York, his life career began. He was tenderly and piously reared in an ideal Christian home, in which all the great moral forces have their inception, and therefore in a medium calculated to foster and develop that which was nearest and

dearest to his parents' hearts—the priceless grace of a vocation to the priesthood. His parents, sprung from a noble ancestry that stands eminent in the annals of history, for its sacrifices and sufferings in behalf of the faith, rightly considered the offering of their son to the service of God in the priesthood as the highest honor that Providence could bestow. In order that the sacred treasure of a vocation to the priestly office might not be lost or tarnished, he was entered at an early age as a student in the preparatory department of St. John's College, Fordham.

Passing through the various grades with honor, he in 1862, entered the collegiate department, where later he had as a classmate the beloved Archbishop of New York, the Most Rev. John M. Farley. When the great Pontiff who now governs the Church with such luminous wisdom and power, in answer to the fervent prayers and ardent wishes of bishops, priests, and people, as in the case of St. Ambrose, placed the great diocese under the guidance of the former titular Bishop of Zeugma, few hearts were more gladdened than his friend and classmate, who lies in death before us.

Graduating with credit, he sought and obtained admission to the provincial seminary of Troy, New York, there to lay at the feet of his Divine Master his pure soul, his clean hands, his bright talents, as an immolation of all his faculties, his energies, his future prospects for the good of others in the priestly calling. Here his singular piety, his love for study, and his amiable disposition won all hearts. So rapid was his progress in his studies that he was obliged to spend an additional year, after the completion of his course in theology, in order to attain the canonical age for ordination. In the year 1870, together with eighteen others, he was raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood by the Right Reverend Bishop Bacon, of Portland, Maine.

After assignments to various parishes as an assistant, he was appointed to the pastorate of the church in Ellenville. Here he labored for years amid hardships and privations innumerable, in administering to the wants of a widely scattered parish. After some eight years of incessant labor and sacrifices, his health became impaired. The late lamented and much beloved Archbishop sent him to Irvington where

his declining years might be spent in peace and in labors less arduous. He was so strongly attached to the people of his first love, and they to him, that it was his joy and pleasure to spend his vacations among them.

This large gathering, the many evidences of the deep-seated sorrow of his children, the splendid condition of this parish, both spiritually and temporally, attest in strongest language his zeal, his wisdom, his apostolic labors in this beautiful town on the classic and lordly Hudson.

He was fortunate in the time of his demise, inasmuch as the Angel of Death came to him in this most helpful of months for the suffering souls, when the whole Church militant is engaged in the charitable and consoling work of mitigating the pains of the holy souls by all the means at her command. He was furthermore fortunate in the manner of his death, lingering upon the very verge for four days, thus affording his many friends an opportunity of bespeaking for him by their prayers, Masses, and other works of mercy, a favorable judgment. It is therefore no mere flight of fancy, but a conviction amounting to a certainty, that

when his pure soul took its flight there fell from the lips of his Divine Master, the great High Priest, the consoling words of the inspired Apostle : " Thou hast kept the faith, thou hast fought the good fight, thou hast run thy course, and now there is ready for thee the crown, which I, the Just Judge, place upon thy head."

SERMON PREACHED AT THE MONTH'S  
MIND OF THE REV. JOHN B. CREEDEN,  
FEBRUARY 4, 1903, IN ST. AUGUSTINE'S  
CHURCH, OSSINING, N. Y.

"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking care of it not by constraint, but willingly, according to God. And when the Prince of pastors shall appear, you shall receive a never-fading Crown of Glory."—I PET. v., 2-4.

*Very Reverend Dean, Reverend Fathers, Be-  
loved Brethren :*

It is to all of us a source of unfeigned regret, that the Rev. Dr. McSweeney, the learned professor of theology in Mount St. Mary's Seminary, is unable, on account of sickness, to be with us to-day, to pay his tribute of love and affection to the memory of Father Creeden. Having been his pastor during the years of his novitiate in the sacred ministry, with the stamp of ordination still newly imprinted upon his soul, in the glow

and ardor of his first priestly zeal, in his fresh and vigorous manhood, his was the high task of moulding these young and promising elements into permanence and manly stability. As the heaven-inspired vocation to the altar of God is the grace of graces, to be thus placed under the formative influence of a guide, model, father, and friend is no small part of it.

If the Lord Himself took three long years to form the minds and hearts of His Apostles, it will easily be conceded how important for the good of souls the early training of a priest is and always must be. You can all bear testimony to the fulness of the measure of success attained, as judged by the divine standard itself, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Speaking from a personal point of view, I recall him in the early seventies, as a bright, pious, and handsome altar boy who impressed us of the clergy, in the historic parish of St. Brigid's, New York, as possessing all the signs of a vocation to the holy priesthood. If by any means, by precept and example, I aided in developing those germs of a priestly character, I bless and thank God for it.



Our gathering here this morning, beloved brethren, at the end of one short month, gives to us occasion for manifesting our Catholic faith. It recalls our intimate relations to the spiritual world ; it realizes and makes manifest the supernatural ; it brings us into living touch with the most consoling teaching of our faith — the Communion of Saints, that highest expression of the brotherhood of man. It differentiates the man of faith from the man of the world. It is the acting out in a living form of St. Paul's definition of faith as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." It lifts us from our common surroundings, and makes us breathe an atmosphere all divine, all holy, all sanctified.

Our assembling here this morning in spite of the severe storm, honors our departed brother in the best and most substantial manner. It shows him the reality of our deep-seated affection, inasmuch as the thrice Holy Sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb, laden with the devout supplications of his brethren of the clergy, joined with the fervent prayers of his spiritual children, has just ascended to

the throne of the Omnipotent God Himself. In this sacred presence, I think I can easily assume, that my reverend brothers here present will often repeat this same act of divine sacrifice, as I feel certain that you, his children, will not be wanting in this real expression of your love. "All hearts are mine," saith the Lord, and hence, the care of souls forms a relationship that is not only divine or supernatural but eternal as well. "Feed the flock of God which is among you."

This evidence of our affection is called forth by arguments not only most reasonable but also calculated to excite our gratitude: the innate nobility of his character; the unselfishness of his life, dominated always by his altruistic impulses; his stainless character; his pure, virgin soul; his friendly aid to those in affliction; his ministrations at the bedside of the dying; his absolving power in the tribunal of confession; his clear and eloquent exposition of the teachings of holy religion; his work of reconciliation between God and man at the altar of sacrifice: all these demand of us imperatively this efficacious cherishing of his holy and saintly memory.

For, let us ask ourselves, what is a priest? The man impossible to create, and who, nevertheless, exists always and everywhere. All the sovereigns of the world with their armies and navies, all the men of genius, poets, orators, scientists: ask them to confer together, and the making of a priest will be beyond their power. The priest is a man anointed for the act of sacrifice by shedding blood, not as a soldier, through courage, not as the magistrate through justice, but as Jesus Christ through love. The priest is a man of sacrifice, thereby, each day, reconciling Heaven and earth, and thereby, each day, announcing to every soul the primordial truths of life, of death, and of resurrection; such is the priest according to the order of Melchisedech.

Those of us here present whose hairs have been whitened by the onflow of time, and whose youth was spent in this parish, hold and treasure as a sacred inheritance the memory of the saintly and apostolic pioneer priests, Fathers McGean and McClellan. And in like manner the generation whose characters have been formed and fashioned unto virtue by the example, the teachings, and the priestly

ministrations of Father Creeden, will always hold his memory in grateful benediction.

Not only do these memorial services honor those who assist at them, and the faithful departed in whose behalf they are performed, but, O consolation beyond the power of speech ! they honor God Himself, by becoming the most eloquent as well as the most truthful expression of the infinite sanctity of God. We stand therefore upon holy ground, upon a foundation laid by God Himself. His Infinite Sanctity is the perennial refrain of the angelic hosts ; the one canticle and occupation of the Heavenly Jerusalem ; the symphony most musical, the melody unceasing of the combined hosts of men and angels ; the mute song of all nature, animate and inanimate. It is the essential element of the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Church militant, and the unceasing and triumphant acclaim of the denizens of Heaven for all eternity, " Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, the heavens and earth are full of Thy glory ! " In His presence Cherubim and Seraphim veil their faces and are found imperfect. And thus, all our prayers, suffrages, and sacrifices in behalf of our

deceased friends, brethren, and priests of God, while they alleviate and shorten the pains of the purifying flames, become at the same time, in the highest degree, the acknowledgment of the awful and Infinite Sanctity of God ; and thus we perform a threefold service—to ourselves, to our brethren, and to God Himself.

And lastly, my beloved brethren, we know full well, that a holy death alone it is which imparts to life its true character and warrants its perpetuation. It is the crowning of life ; the laurel wreath of victory and of triumph. It is the grace which no man can merit, the grace of final perseverance : even St. Paul, as you know, said that he did not know whether he was worthy of God's love or hatred. It is the happy ushering of the soul into the unseen world. It is the consummation of the sufferings, the trials, the struggles, the piety, the faith, the hope, the aspirations, the devout longings of a whole lifetime, when the redeemed soul hears the sentence of eternal approval, "Come, Blessed of my Father ; possess the kingdom prepared for you" ; and oh ! the joy of joys, it is gazing upon the face of Jesus, the High Priest. It is the flooding

of the soul with the glory of the Beatific Vision, so that the hand of Omnipotence Itself is necessary to sustain the enraptured spirit in its very existence. And in the case of our friend and your late pastor, if our eyes could pierce the veil between this earth and Heaven, we should behold the vision of Father John Creeden receiving the Crown of everlasting Glory. Amen.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL  
OF MARY BIGLEY, MOTHER OF THE  
REV. JOSEPH H. BIGLEY, AUGUST 29,  
1899, IN ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH,  
NEW YORK.

**I**T has this moment been requested, my beloved brethren, by one whose slightest wish at such a time is to me more than a command, that I should say a few words on this sad occasion. While to me this is a work of real love and devotion, I fully realize the difficulties in the way, on account of my inability to cast in a verbal mould, a character so noble and a mother so perfect. On this account, I instinctively call to my aid the words of inspiration: "Who shall find a valiant woman? From afar and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her."

“From afar and from the uttermost coast is the price of her.” I cannot but think that the word “afar” was used by the Holy Ghost with a deep-seated meaning, for not only does the worth of such a woman and mother extend to the uttermost confines of the earth itself, but penetrates and reaches the white throne of the Almighty. Her influence is thus not confined to the earth, but borne aloft to the Heavenly Jerusalem itself.

Who can estimate the value of a pious mother? Nothing short of a divine measure in the hands of God can do so. For in the Christian home, in which she is the gracious queen and the centre of love, all the great moral forces have their inception. It is the ante-chamber of Heaven itself. There is something of God in a true Christian home. With what beneficence He has made the arrangement, and what good things like a stream of molten silver flow from it! They constitute the element of progress, both physical and spiritual; they contain the secret of the noblest manhood and the purest womanhood.

Two homes we have; one here with its mingled joys and sorrows, the other beyond



the stars. The loved ones who perforce bid us farewell, for reasons which we are not always able to penetrate, are led through the valley of shadows to eternal mansions, where, their affection undimmed by the change of residence, they patiently await our coming. And while waiting for us, they minister to our comfort as messengers from Heaven bearing to our saddened hearts the good-will and helpful benediction of our Heavenly Father.

From what has been said it is evident, therefore, that the Christian home is the necessary prop and safeguard of the community, the commonwealth, yea, the great brotherhood of man itself. As a Catholic, the priest's mother possesses higher, aye a divine value ; for as none but a lawfully born child is eligible to the holy priesthood, it follows as the night the day, that the Church in her divinely appointed hierarchy, her religious communities, her priesthood, religious and secular, depends upon the Catholic mother for their very existence. And as the Church is the perpetuation of the Incarnation and the Redemption, the priest's mother occupies a position analogous to that of the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, and hence

we recognize in her an indefinable charm, an elevation of soul, and withal a deep sense of responsibility, as consciously or unconsciously she guards and preserves the priceless grace of a vocation to the divine altar in her offspring, and is thereby distinguished from other women.

This finds a higher confirmation in the case of the Irish people, when we consider their long struggle and heroic sacrifices for the maintenance of their faith. Here we behold a brave people, strong in faith, and while doomed to a war of extermination, laying down their lives, yet without prejudice to the traditional courage of their ancestry or to the firmness of their Catholic faith. One of the proudest powers of the world has struggled hand to hand with that nation in order to drag her into the abyss of schism and apostacy; and the people, despoiled of their land by gigantic confiscations, were obliged by unjust and cruel laws and bitter famine to leave their homes and the graves of their ancestors, the churches they loved so well, the green hills, the smiling valleys, the fertile plains, their national traditions, in a word, all they held dear, and cross the broad Atlantic, and here upon

the virgin soil of the American Republic, begin life anew, with nothing but the priceless treasure of their faith in God, and trust in His all-sustaining Providence.

Then began the struggle to build here in America a new home, by means of unremitting toil, of strict economy, and frugal living ; and after the manner of the first Christians, even in their poverty they raised church after church, school after school, institutions of charity and of learning, until the whole land was dotted with the proofs of their strong faith and noble generosity. Have we not here an eloquent and illustrious response to the question of holy writ, " Who shall find a valiant woman " ? In a work of such magnitude and far-reaching results, priests' mothers must occupy a distinguished and honorable position.

It is a pious belief, and one full of heavenly consolation, that when God in His Divine goodness sends to the Christian household the Angel of Death, he brings with him two other angels to take up their abode there,—the Angel of Memory and the Angel of Hope. Applying this comforting belief to her children, what a long series of kindly deeds, heroic

virtues, motherly cares, anxious solitudes, self-denial, strong faith, and noble charity will ever loom up before their mental vision. He will recall to them how she kept the twin lights of piety and of faith ever burning brightly within the hallowed precinct of their home, — a home modelled upon that of the home of Nazareth. Our father we love and reverence, but to our mother goes forth an unceasing flow of love and filial affection from every nerve and fibre of our being. In the wide domain of the great works of God, save only the Redemption, there is no gift comparable to that of a good and holy mother.

But, oh, with what rapture will the Angel of Hope thrill the hearts of her children, as he inspires the firm conviction of a happy and glorious reunion ! This blessed thought will strongly tend to wipe away the tears and assuage with holiest balm the wounds so deep and so painful. He will point out to them that there are wounds of the Spirit that will never heal, that God does not wish to heal ; wounds whose very perpetuity are the tokens of un-failing graces ; for such wounds, by their very intensity, possess a strong and pathetic power

of drawing those thus afflicted closely to the Almighty Father, and make them realize, as never before, their entire dependence on Him; and thus insure to them, beyond all doubt, their own final perseverance, their predestination to the company of those "whose joy is full, and whose joy no man shall take from them." The fact that she forded safely the stream which separates this life from the next thus becomes a pledge that they will do in like manner.

When the first bitterness of their bereavement has passed away, consolations will come with their gentle, soothing light, and shine upon the pathway of the mourners even in this valley of tears. A holy life, a life of virtue, a life of unostentatious charity, a life that has been crowned with all that could bless a home in a spiritual sense, is in itself, even in memory, a perennial source of consolation.

When the ripe and hoary sheaf of grain was transplanted from its earthly to its Heavenly home, we could not but feel the divine potency of the consolatory truth, that the Heavenly Father was impatient of the exile of His child, and that like all good fathers He

wants His children home. The blessedness of such a death as that of our departed friend is itself a consolation.

“Her death was precious in the sight of the Lord.” It was the gathering in by the Redeemer Himself of the harvest of the Redemption. It was the bearing aloft by the Son of God to his Heavenly Father, of another proof of the triumph of redeeming love. It was the ushering in of a holy soul to the unseen world of eternity. It was the happy fruition of her toils, and her virtues, and the crowning of her saintly life. And lastly and best of all, allow me to repeat the words of Holy Church, as the expression of my personal feeling and fervent wish—words that were uttered in her behalf when her soul was on the brink of eternity: “May Christ, the Son of God, place thee within the green pastures of His paradise, and may He, the true Shepherd, acknowledge thee as one of His sheep. May He absolve thee from all thy sins, and set thee at His right hand in the portion of His elect. Mayest thou behold thy Redeemer face to face, and, standing ever before Him, gaze with blessed eyes on the

Truth made manifest ; and thus set among  
the choirs of the Blessed, mayest thou en-  
joy the sweetness of Divine contemplation  
forevermore."

WORDS OF CONSOLATION SPOKEN AT  
THE FUNERAL OF MARY ELLEN Mc-  
LOUGHLIN, ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE SOLEMN MASS OF REQUIEM, IN  
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,  
MAMARONECK, NEW YORK, NOVEM-  
BER 14, 1900.

"Venerable old age is not that of long time, not counted by the number of years; but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age.

"She pleased God and was beloved: she was taken away, lest wickedness should alter her understanding, or deceit beguile her soul.

"Being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time; for her soul pleased God, therefore He hastened to bring her out of the midst of iniquities."—  
WISDOM iv.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; as it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord."—JOB i.

It is very seldom, my beloved brethren, that the gloom of death falls upon a community with such devitalizing force as in the present instance. It is not often, in the course of our



experience, that so many hearts are so sorely bruised, so many tears are shed, and such real sympathy and sorrow permeate the entire community, and fill all hearts with affectionate sadness.

When the Angel of Death casts his shadow across the threshold of numerous friends, who can voice the general feeling, who can speak in words of sympathy that are at all adequate? Herein we see the impotency of human language; we feel but too keenly the inadequacy of all human consolation. When a young life has been extinguished in the very flowering of its youth, when the future seemed bright, when friends were kind and numerous, when the home was the ideal of the Christian type, when health and maiden strength, in their best form, held forth golden promises; when parents began to lean for strength upon the cherished one of the flock, when her voice was the music of the home circle and her smile a benediction, when a perfectly formed character had developed its attractive outlines and drew all hearts towards it—then, tell me, when in a few brief hours Death claimed her for his own, who can express, what all hearts feel, the

sorrow which is deeper and stronger than eloquence in its most successful efforts?

Such being the sad truth, we turn our tear-dimmed eyes Heavenward for consolation. This inborn longing for immortality forced even the pagan writer to exclaim, "*Non omnis moriar*," etc., or, as his verses are rendered by a modern Christian poet,

"Not all of me shall die ; my nobler part  
Shall shun the grave, and mount above the skies."

In the bright effulgence of the light of Revelation, in the radiance that issued forth from the tomb of Lazarus, when first were heard the words, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life ; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live"; in the "prayer of faith and holy unction," and in the absolving words of the attending priest, as her pure soul was borne by angels' hands to its place in the heavenly court, we find much that affords real consolation.

We also find deep-seated comfort in the holy doctrine of the Communion of Saints, whereby we can be of assistance to her in case she was not immediately admitted to the enjoyment of the beatific vision. No one but those circum-

stanced as we are can feel or realize the assuaging, the tranquillizing efficacy of this most consoling of doctrines. By it we feel that she is still with us, a member of the household of Jesus Christ, holding real intercourse with us, only removed one step from us in visible communion.

The law that actuates and is the living principle of the three persons of the Godhead, also holds her and us in its divine embrace, namely, the all-dominant force of affection. In her case, this law is emphasized in a high degree by her strong Christian virtues. If it were permitted to venture into the hallowed precincts of her home, we should find her the obedient, the docile, and the affectionate child, making her obedience a work of love. Her affection was the spontaneous expression of her warm and sunny nature. And as years brought her wisdom and experience, she was only too happy to share somewhat the burdens of her father and mother. The effect of her example upon the other members of the household was like a radiation of grace. To the rest of us there appeared in colors of strong and living light her deeply rooted faith, in all the

teachings of her holy religion, with the requirements of which she all her life scrupulously complied ; most faithful and interested in all that concerned her Church, and never more happy than when teaching its doctrines to the children of her class in Sunday-school. Her genuine piety evinced itself in her frequent reception of the sacraments, and the fidelity with which she discharged all the obligations of a devout Catholic.

Her amiable disposition, her sweetness of manner, and her kindness of heart formed a personality that was both charming and winning. Like the perfume of a flower, it shed its fragrance upon all who came in contact with her. Her friendship was a blessing, and her esteem a favor that was highly prized.

The angelic purity of her virgin soul shone forth luminously in every lineament and feature of her countenance. Her conversation, her every action bore the impress and stamp of this pearl among the virtues. It was a part of her being, it gave nobility and character to all that she did and said, it kept unsullied the white robe of her baptismal innocence. It made familiar and congenial that which will be her crowning glory in Heaven, her converse and

association with the angels of purity in the home of her Father. And oh! it is the consolation of consolations to know and to believe, on the warrant of the Apocalyptic vision of Heaven, that of such is the familiar companionship of the Lamb; "for they are virgins. They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. They were purchased from among men, the first-fruits to God and to the Lamb." To that blessed company, to that holy fellowship, to that unspeakable glory, to that Light inaccessible, to that friendship unending, we confide her pure, maiden soul. Those of us who had a necessary share in the building up of a character so virtuous and so pure, must find comfort in the reflection that as far as human imperfection allowed, we have done our work well. Though we say this with hearts that are breaking, we feel sustained by the faith and trust that Heaven contains one advocate for us ever anxious and ever prayerful before the throne of God.

Her death becomes a blessing to us, in teaching us the uncertainty of human life. Nothing that has happened in this place ever had the effect of bringing this sad truth home to all of us with such thrilling power. No persuasion,

no eloquence, no admonition has been on a par with her sudden and untimely demise in making manifest to us this important truth. It teaches us our dependence upon God as nothing else can.

To those so sadly bereaved and so sorely afflicted, will Memory, like some angel from Heaven, as the years pass on, keep green and bright the hallowed and sacred inheritance of her sunny nature, her amiable disposition, her strong and filial affection, her Christian virtues, and her stainless purity of soul and body.

While, on the other hand, Hope, with power begotten of God, with persuasion supernatural and all but irresistible, will beckon onward and upward to encourage and incite those left behind to a glorious reunion in the presence of our common Father.

And now, thou who didst at my hands receive the grace of Holy Baptism, didst grow up under my priestly ministrations, and my fatherly affection, I consign thy soul, in full assurance of glory and eternal happiness being thy portion, to the keeping of the Father who created it, of the Son who suffered for it, and of the Holy Ghost who sanctified it. Amen.

SERMON AT FORDHAM COLLEGE  
MEMORIAL.

THE Mass of Requiem for the deceased members of the Fordham Alumni was celebrated May 30, 1903, Memorial Day, in the college chapel. The Rev. M. J. McEvoy, of Fordham, was celebrant of the Mass; the Rev. C. B. O'Reilly, deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Farley, S. J., a nephew of the Most Rev. Archbishop, sub-deacon. The Rev. J. McDonnell, of St. Paul's, was master of ceremonies. The sermon was as follows :

"The grace of God is now made manifest by the illumination of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath destroyed death, and hath brought to light life and incorruption."—II TIM. ii., 10.

*Reverend Fathers, Fellow-Alumni, Fellow-Students :*

It is not within the power of our best and holiest endeavors, to give to our fellowship

a nobler impress, a higher glow of affection, or a more Christian feeling than we exhibit on an occasion like the present. In coming here to-day we are impelled not only by the strong influence of *Alma Mater*, that beloved and dearly cherished mother, to whom we owe our intellectual training, and that still higher training of our characters, the formation of that which is best in us, our Christian manhood; but we are actuated by motives that are the natural outcome of that same moral and mental upbuilding.

We have just joined in the immolation of the Divine Victim, in behalf of our departed fellow-collegians, in union with the whole Catholic Church, knowing full well that she, and she only, possesses the tremendous power of communicating to her priests the commission she has received from her Divine Spouse, to continue the sacrifice, even that of the Blood of Jesus Christ, for the living and the dead; and all who are united to the Church, as members either of the Church Militant or of the Church Suffering, all share in its benefits, the priest acting as the ambassador of the entire Church.



We all know, as an elementary doctrine of our holy religion, that the same law which rules the inner life of God, by binding the three Blessed Persons in one Godhead, does also govern the Christian community, and bind the different members of the Church in one indivisible unity. Thus the same Life animates all those souls who are united to the Church by the same bond of charity. "I am the way, the truth, and the life; I am the vine, you are the branches." Not one of those souls can think or love or act without influencing the general state of all the rest; still less can any Christian suffer and the whole Church not suffer; nor can blessings or graces be granted to him, and the whole Church not share in his gains. This is one of the consequences of the blessed, the consoling, doctrine of the Communion of Saints. This is evident from St. Paul, who says: "Now there are many members, yet one body. Yea, much more those that seem to be the more feeble members of the body are more necessary. And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it. Now

you are the body of Christ and members of member." (I Cor. xii., 20, 22, 26, 27.) Indeed, the idea of isolation is foreign to the Catholic concept of life. No one lives for himself, we live and move and have our being in the great family of Jesus Christ. In this sense the dictum of the Latin poet, voicing the instinct of humanity, that "nothing human was alien to him," receives a divine approval, yea, the consecration itself of the teaching of holy religion; that sanctifies the noblest impulses of our humanity. Like our inborn longing for immortality, it directs that which is the best in us Heavenward, by the energizing power of our love for our kind, to the source of all affection, the very throne of God.

It is therefore comforting to know and to realize that the warm impulse of fellowship that assembles us here to-day radiates from the Throne of Omnipotence itself, before which the four and twenty ancients, adoring God, cast their crowns.

This radiance from the throne of God, so symbolic of His illuminating grace, emanating from His nature and perfections, possesses

the divine potency of drawing us to Him in an eminent degree, thereby enriching us while we are relieving our friends who are in the purifying flames. The fundamental principle of our spiritual life, as well as the fountains of grace, are those virtues which originate and centre in the very essence of the Godhead—the three theological virtues. In the memorial service in which we are engaged here to-day, these necessary and important virtues receive a new life and character, whose value no finite being can adequately estimate. It confers new life and vigor on our faith, by bringing us in touch with the unseen world, making it a palpable, a living reality. The vastly greater importance of the invisible over the visible world is brought home to us in a manner that is unique, yea that stands alone. It adds a new element of strength, a clearer conception, a loftier view of the transcendent power of the Eucharistic sacrifice, together with the unfailing efficacy of the sacramental streams of redeeming grace. It is the very life of the consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints, perpetuating our intercourse with our dear departed as a sacred reality, at the same

time increasing, elevating, and purifying our natural affection for them.

With regard to indulgences, under the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, they appear as the most inevitable, natural transactions. It knows of the unseen treasury from whence they are drawn, of the invisible keys which open to us the riches of the satisfaction of Christ and the saints; of the indefinite jurisdiction of the Church over them, of the infallible disposal of them, and of God's acceptance. Thus it is, my brethren, that, by a service like this, the Church puts before the man of faith her solution of the great problems of this life and the life to come.

It is quite difficult to express in language of moderation, the bearing of devotion to the dead, in its relation to the divine virtue of hope—a virtue so sadly wanting to the spiritual well-being of our generation—for the reason that it here assumes a heroic character. By reason of its wonderful power, it rears a structure of magnificent proportions, drawing into its divine embrace all creation, from the smallest pain that we suffer up to the Sacred Humanity, and thus has to do even with God

Himself. Does it not rest upon a childlike trust in God's fidelity? We hope for the souls of our brethren with all the strength of our hope in God. We hope to find mercy for ourselves because of our kindness to others, and our hope receives new life and power from the consoling truth that in doing so we are not detracting from our own merits. If we give away our own satisfactions and indulgences, in place of retaining them for ourselves, what is this but a heroic offering of ourselves upon the altar of hope? Indeed, it places us on a height undreamt of, when we reflect that by the altruistic sacrifice thus made, we may be writing our sentence to a longer imprisonment in the purifying flames. Inebriated with the divine influence of hope, we throw ourselves upon God with filial trust, and loving confidence. *In Te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum.*

Who can estimate the greatness of the charity exercised in devotion to the holy souls? Is it not the nearest imitation of God Himself? Is it anything else than loving in the highest degree those whom He loves, and because He loves them, thus combining in

one act a hundred loves, as can be easily seen by the fact that in thus doing we are ushering into the presence of the Beatific Vision souls redeemed by the Precious Blood—souls dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, souls that will then take up their eternal work of praising God and glorifying the redemption of Jesus Christ. Thus this living charity peoples Heaven with souls, honors the merits and satisfactions of Christ. It is laden with the glorious attribute of His mission, with the work of the Divine Spirit, aye with His glorious triumphs, His unfading victories. Its beneficent effect upon ourselves is further shown in the fact that it begets for us new and faithful friends. The blessings of friendship are beyond measure. It is a gift of the highest value. Here it sometimes happens that friends prove unfaithful. Those that we make in this manner are as unchangeable as God, as enduring as eternity, as grateful as any created being can be, and thus we gain intercessors who will intercede not only for us, but for all the living as well. It is indeed a blessed thought that the power of love for others impels us to virtue and thus raises us to

a participation with God in doing good to others.

It is instructive as well as edifying to recall at this time, when the satanic influences are at work in France, in expelling from their native land her choicest sons and daughters of the religious orders, that centuries ago, when the power of the Crescent for evil was so great and while thousands of Christians were led into captivity, a new order of monks was founded, who added a fourth to the three vows usually made, by offering themselves, if other means failed, in place of those held in slavery. Surely such heroism should incite us to our best endeavors in freeing our friends, especially those of the household of old St. John's, from the captivity of the Purgatorial flames.

This feeling of honoring the dead is so perfectly in harmony with our natural impulses, especially in the case of those who have merited well of the Republic, that on the annual recurrence of this day a grateful Nation venerates the memory, the heroic deeds, the self-sacrifice, the martyrdom, of her patriotic sons. In this we stand alone among the nations of

the earth. Those not of the household of the faith unite with us to-day, implicitly at least, in praying for and desiring the weal and welfare of our departed friends and brethren. And we, in a special manner, pray for peace and rest eternal to our fellow-alumni, who on many a well-fought field gave their life's blood in behalf of the Republic. We yield to none as a college in our devotion to the cause of country, of right, of constitutional liberty.

While we are honoring the heroic dead whose love of country was quickened in this holy place, let us not be unmindful of the living, the men who are the most eloquent expression of the sacred fire of patriotism, who came to the nation's rescue in the throes of its deadly conflict; men who gladly and cheerfully offered themselves upon the altar of liberty and self-government. May Time for years to come treat them gently, kindly, lovingly. May many more Memorial Days pass into history before any tongue shall pronounce their glorious eulogy.

And lastly, friends and brethren, with deep and sincere sorrow I remind you of the loss to



our alumni by the Angel of Death since our last Mass of Requiem.

First and foremost we mourn the great loss of the patriot priest, staunch friend, the champion of the oppressed, the venerable doyen of the priests of the Diocese of New York, the priest of stainless character, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," the pioneer of Catholicity on the eastern shore of Westchester County, who for fifty-two years honored with unstained character the best fruitage of our Alma Mater, Father Thomas McLoughlin.

Next, the gentle, the learned, the ascetic Father James Nilan of Poughkeepsie, who for forty years of priestly life sustained the best traditions of Fordham by his great learning and singular piety.

Then we deplore the demise of the amiable and genial Father Joseph H. Hayne of Irvington, whose early boyhood and vigorous manhood were passed within these hallowed confines. And, lastly, the ideal Christian gentleman, a man of clean morals, and holy living, of sincere and unostentatious piety, of open-handed generosity, of strong and enduring affection for his Alma Mater, whose generosity

in this respect we hope will find many imitators, so that in the future she may be able to accommodate not hundreds but thousands of students—need I name him?—James Doherty. With these we couple in loving affection and fond remembrance the goodly company of the sons of old St. John's who have passed to their reward, rejoicing with the hosts of the Heavenly court in the bright effulgence of the Heavenly Jerusalem, singing the canticles of the praises of God, joining in the adoration of the angels and the just made perfect, chanting the glad refrain, "The grace of God is now manifest by the illumination of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath destroyed death, and hath brought to light life and incorruption."

SERMON PREACHED AT THE DEDICATION OF ST. GREGORY'S CHURCH,  
HARRISON, N. Y., DECEMBER 21, 1902.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Farley solemnly blessed the Church of St. Gregory the Great, Harrison, New York, on Sunday, December 21, 1902, assisted by the pastor, the Rev. James T. Barry, and his assistant, the Rev. David J. O'Keefe. The Rev. John A. Waters, of Port Chester, was celebrant of the Mass.

The church is forty feet by eighty feet. The style of architecture is Gothic; the edifice is built of bluestone, and was designed by Elliott Lynch, architect. Taken altogether it is a gem in its substantial and artistic beauty.

"And coming, He preached peace to you that were afar off, and peace to them that were nigh. For by him we both have access in one Spirit to the Father. Now, therefore, you are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone: in whom all the building, being framed

together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord. In Whom you also are built together into a habitation of God in the Spirit."—EPHES., ii. 17-22.

*Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Beloved Brethren :*

I owe a debt of gratitude to your worthy pastor, for his very kind invitation to address you to-day ; sharing as I do and must your joy on the completion of this beautiful temple, to the honor and glory of God, and for the sanctification of innumerable souls. Apart from the happiness that I feel as a priest in this substantial proof of the progress of our holy religion, I rejoice greatly from a personal point of view, having been your pastor and friend for a quarter of a century. The energy, the self-sacrifice, the tact, and the priestly zeal shown by your learned pastor are worthy of the highest praise, and as his predecessor in this part of the Lord's vineyard, I offer him my most sincere congratulations.

Imbibing as he did, in company with our beloved Archbishop, his theological learning, as well as the missionary spirit, from the very fountain-head and centre of all that is best and most sacred, there is small cause for wonderment in this, the result of the various

supernatural forces that inspired it. He was singularly blessed in being able not only to evoke the spontaneous generosity of his own people, but also to call forth in a phenomenal degree the liberal and the bountiful aid of those not of the household of the faith.

It was a happy inspiration that induced Father Barry to place this beautiful temple under the protection and patronage of St. Gregory the Great, a man of genius, eloquence, vast erudition, burning zeal, consummate skill, a providential man in his day and generation ; and thus forming a second bond that unites this church and parish to the greatest moral and spiritual power in the annals of history,—the Papacy. You are thus happily and indissolubly united to blessed Peter, who spoke to the nations represented in Jerusalem, on Pentecost ; to Damasus, who commissioned Jerome to translate the Scriptures ; to Celestine, who sent Patrick to Ireland ; and to Leo the Great, who withstood Attila and saved Italy ; to Leo X., who made an Augustan age in literature ; to Hildebrand bringing Henry IV. to Canossa, and Innocent III. forcing justice from Frederick ; to Clement XIV., naming Father Car-

roll the first Bishop of the United States, and Pius IX. naming Cardinal McClosky the first American Cardinal, and Leo XIII. creating our beloved Cardinal Gibbons; and not the least in this glorious array of historic Pontiffs is your own illustrious patron, St. Gregory the Great, himself a member in his early manhood of the order of St. Benedict, who sent to England, at the close of the sixth century, St. Augustine and his fifty companions to bring the glad tidings of the Gospel.

The record of the Papacy runs for nineteen centuries, of unalterable attachment to truth, unswerving love for knowledge, and unchangeable desire to have knowledge reach the people. With it all and guarding it all has been the heroic devotion to Christian principles as the salvation of humanity. No injustice stains its escutcheon; no blood is on its ermine. It is the one redeeming force in the moral world.

In this connection almost instinctively occur to our minds the words of the English historian, Macaulay: "She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain; before the Frank had passed the Rhine; when Grecian eloquence still flourished

in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca."

Did time permit, it were both pleasing and instructive to dwell upon the thought that the solid foundation and walls of this church, as enduring as the earth that it stands upon, link together in memory and history two great Roman pontiffs, whose transcendent genius, vast learning, wonderful achievements, glorious triumphs, and immortal fame are and will be as imperishable as the granite of this stately edifice. The light of the sixth century is shed upon the nineteenth and twentieth. Gregory lives in Leo. The glories of the former are more than reproduced in the latter. Posterity will gratefully and proudly place the epithet "great" after the name of the present illustrious Father of Christendom. His wise government of the American Church, his fatherly affection for everything American, find an echoing response and a warm feeling of gratitude in our hearts.

The eminent appropriateness of placing this church under the patronage of St. Gregory the Great, a member of the order of St. Benedict, is further shown by the sad fact of

the fierce persecutions raging in France at the present time against the religious orders of the Church, and the harsh treatment meted out to the friars in the Philippines by our own government—for the reason that it brings out in a new and strong light the benefits conferred upon humanity by the members of the various religious communities of men and women, and shows the debt of gratitude due to them.

It is a pleasing historic retrospect to call to mind the fact that your great patron, at the close of the sixth century, sent St. Augustine and his illustrious band of monks to draw into the fold of the Church the British Isle, called in after ages the dowry of Mary. It need hardly be stated that whatever progress had been made in the teaching of Christianity before their advent had been obliterated by the Saxon invasion.

Landing on the Island of Thanet, he was received with a warm welcome by Ethelbert, then head and chief of the heptarchy, which at that time, comprised the political divisions of Southern Britain.

It follows, therefore, that England received



her faith and civilization from the Benedictine monks under the leadership of St. Augustine, and thus all the wealth and fulness of Christianity,—of colonial expansion, of saints and scholars, of learning and art, of statesmanship and policy, of the rich stores of her unequalled literature, of Oxford and of Cambridge, of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Milton and Byron, of Sir Thomas More and John Fisher, of Newman and Manning, of Faber and Wordsworth, of Tennyson and Browning, of Magna Charta, of the Bill of Rights, of Trial by Jury, in a word, of English glory and aggrandizement,—all had their origin and inception in the preaching and sanctity of St. Augustine and his companion monks. The conversion and civilization of Mexico, Central and South America, and the western and southern parts of our own country, are always owing to the apostolic zeal and sacrifices of the missionaries of the religious orders of the Catholic Church. The Christian names of many places in the “Golden State” attest the successful labors of the Franciscan Fathers even before the landing of the Pilgrims, while Père Marquette and others of like character will go

down in history as the early missionaries and explorers of important sections of our own beloved country.

This church, whose lines are so architecturally graceful and symmetrically proportioned, stands for all that there is in Christianity itself. Here you now possess the fulness of the Redemption of Christ, and His infallible teachings. You possess the glorious array of the doctors of the Church, with their marvellous learning, the triumphs of her confessors, the heroism of her many martyrs, the long line of the Pontiffs of the Roman See,—in a word, the wonderful history, the mighty deeds of the Church Militant, in the long and glorious history of nineteen centuries—all are yours—you claim them by the birthright of a common faith, a divine brotherhood, and a similar destiny. Here you perpetuate the miracle of Pentecost, in the unity of belief, reaching down to us through the ages, by means of which you have one Lord, one God, one faith, one baptism, and, under the one Shepherd, one Chief Pastor ruling the Church with power and wisdom from on high.

You are the direct heirs, not only of the his-

tory, of the divinely promised and guaranteed stability of the Church, as well as her glories and triumphs, but you also share in that which is above all price, the security of the Church as the pillar and ground of truth, teaching all nations to the end of the world; in a word, what the Church is to the whole world, this church is to you in particular, and to all those who will gather beneath its roof. Those who will preach to you from this holy place the saving truths of Divine Revelation, and break to you the Bread of Life, will do so, by and under the divine commission of Christ Himself, when he said, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Here also will be exercised that power of reconciliation between the offended majesty of God and the sin-burdened soul. "He hath placed in our hands the ministry of reconciliation," than which nothing, in all the various agencies of divine grace, is more effective as a means of salvation.

You are not wrong in calling it your church; it is yours by a title far more real, because far more spiritual, than any claim of material ownership can confer. It is yours, because it is intended to be bound up with the history of

your spirit. From here will radiate, as from a common centre, all the great moral and supernatural forces that make for the uplifting of our humanity, as well as for the sanctification of countless souls. It will become a veritable ladder of Jacob, for all time, with the angels ascending with your prayers and petitions to the throne of God, and other angels descending with the manifold graces purchased by the Precious Blood, and the Lord God Himself leaning upon the top, as Holy Scripture phrases it, "and filling this sanctuary with the fragrance of Heaven."

From this altar, as from another Calvary, will ascend to the Heavenly Father, for generations to come, the thrice Holy Sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb, fulfilling the prophecy of Malachi, "From the rising to the setting of the sun, in every place there shall be offered to Me a Clean Oblation." From here will flow, as from a perennial source, the divine, the holy, the mighty streams of the sacramental graces of the Redemption. The child upon the very threshold of its earthly career will be brought to this holy place, and the Mother of regenerate humanity—the Church—will take

it from the arms of its human mother and pour upon its brow the waters of the new, supernatural birth, whereby it becomes a subject of the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, and the heir of a heavenly patrimony. As its faculties and passions unfold, and assume strength and vigor, here will descend upon it the Holy Ghost, with His sevenfold gifts, to aid the young soldier to fight and conquer on the battle plain of life. He need have no fear, his abode is in peace. If in an evil hour he wanders from his Father's house, and squanders his patrimony, his Father kindly and joyfully awaits his return, and here, in the sacred tribunal, places once more upon him the robe of friendship and peace; and, as this child is weak from the loss of spiritual strength and grace, he is fed here with the very Blood of Christ, and is sent forth brave and determined on his road to Heaven. When his young heart feels that love which comes through nature from God,—that love which is not impure, but rather tends to purity,—in holy marriage this love is sanctified and blessed, and compared to that which Christ holds to His spouse, the Church, and

thus the union is declared both sacramental and perpetual. From here will issue forth the ambassador of Christ on his holy errand of attendance in loving tenderness at the bed of the sick and dying, bringing with him the Holy Viaticum, the sanctifying oil and "the prayer of faith" to fortify, comfort and solace the Christian soul in his last moments; and who will whisper hope and strength in the hour of physical and mental prostration, and bid the soul go forth courageously, "In the name of God the Father who created, of God the Son who redeemed, of God the Holy Ghost who sanctified it"; permitting no evil spirit to stop it in its flight upwards, and throwing open the gates of Heaven for its reception. And finally, as the lifeless remains of the departed are brought here, before being consigned to their last resting-place, here will take place the immolation of the Redeemer Himself to His Divine Father, in behalf of their "peace departed" souls. Behold here, in few words, in imperfect outline—the mission and destiny of this Church of St. Gregory the Great.

SERMON ON ST. AUGUSTINE'S DAY, IN  
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, OSSINING,  
N. Y., AUGUST 30, 1903.

THE feast of St. Augustine was fittingly and solemnly celebrated in the church of that name in Ossining, N. Y., on Sunday, August 30, 1903. The rector, Rev. Dr. Cornelius V. Mahony, called to his aid in the celebration the priests who hail from that historic borough. The celebrant of the solemn Mass was the Rev. Luke J. Evers, rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York City; the deacon was the Rev. Philip A. Meister, of St. John Chrysostom's Church, Borough of the Bronx; the sub-deacon, the Rev. Patrick E. Reardon, of St. John's Church, White Plains; the master of ceremonies, the Rev. P. J. Martin, of Ossining. The sermon was as follows:

"Ye are the salt of the earth: Ye are the light of the world."—MATT. v., 13, 14.

*Reverend Fathers, Dearly Beloved Brethren:*

The annual recurrence of a patronal feast is always productive of spiritual blessings, as well

as real encouragement in our struggles with the adversaries of our salvation. It is a yearly feast of grace, light, and hope. It strongly and effectively appeals to the best elements of our spiritual nature. It shows us the divine beauty of our faith, bringing us in living touch and real intercourse with our fellow-citizens of the heavenly country. We seem to feel the tranquillizing glow of their fellowship. We behold with the eyes of faith their ecstatic glory, their brightness, beckoning us on with the almost irresistible power of their example to follow them, to join them.

It may be well on this joyful occasion to call to your minds the teaching of Holy Church on this subject. The Council of Trent has defined as of faith, that “ the saints reigning with Christ offer their prayers for men to God ; that it is good and useful to call upon them with supplication ; and, in order to obtain benefits from God, through Jesus Christ, who alone is our Redeemer and Saviour, to have recourse to their prayers, help, and aid.” From this, two things flow : First, that they pray for us, which means that every soul redeemed by the blood of the Man God is wielding in our behalf the



great weapon of prayer, becoming so many assistants in our course heavenward. Secondly, that God grants special favors to us by means of their influence, their works, their merits. Their appeal to the throne of grace in our behalf is thus laden with the powerful influence of their heroic deeds, their countless sacrifices, their co-adjutorship with Christ in the salvation of souls, and in many cases their very life's blood.

The blessed, the uplifting, the holy doctrine of the Communion of Saints becomes thus an important element in the work of our salvation. So far from the office of the saints being derogatory to God and the mediatorship of Jesus Christ, they become so many reflections of the glory of God and the triumph of redeeming grace, since the intercession of the saints and their merits rest upon the merits of Christ, from which they derive their entire value. It would be difficult to conceive any sovereign jealous of the lawful honor paid to his magistrates.

In the great saint whom we honor to-day, and under whose powerful patronage nigh unto half a century ago this church was placed,

in which so many of us have worshipped and received graces during the same period, we behold the human-hearted penitent, the great saint of God, and the illustrious doctor of the Church.

Aurelius Augustinus was born in the year 354 at Tagaste, in North Africa. His father, Patricius, till near the close of his life a pagan, discovering very early in the life of his son great mental talents and unusual brightness, intended him for a brilliant career in the world of letters. With this end in view, he was sent to the schools of his native town, then to one of greater reputation in Madaura, where his progress was the theme of admiration of his professors and fellow-students. The most famous seat of learning in Africa at that time was Carthage, and thither he was sent to pursue a course in the higher studies of grammar, philosophy, and rhetoric. It was here that his moral character was seriously stained by excesses so common in that voluptuous city, while his faith became shipwrecked by his embracing the Manichæan heresy. It were superfluous to follow him through his wanderings in regard to his philosophical and theological beliefs, to

the time of his conversion some years afterwards, brought about by his study of the philosophers, the unceasing tears and prayers of his mother, St. Monica, and the matchless eloquence and vast erudition of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, where our saint at this time was teaching rhetoric. His wanderings in the labyrinths of error may be fitly described in the words of another great master mind, the immortal Cardinal Newman, which he himself applied to his own case :

“ Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.”

His *Confessions*, the most soul-searching analysis of the human heart extant, in which he exposes with wonderful clearness his past errors to an entire world, exhibit him as the true, the consistent, the sincere, and above all, the human-hearted penitent. The “ Miserere mei Deus ” of Holy David, the man after the heart of God Himself, has filled the whole world from his day onward with its strains of sad music, assuaging the keen edge of the sorrow of repentant souls innumerable. The psalm *Miserere*, the repentance of St. Peter, lamenting his fall, and *The Confessions* of our saint

form a trilogy of peace, divine hope, and holy calm for all those who are truly penitent. His reparation to his saintly mother stands alone in history as the most filial, the most pathetic, and again as the most human that we have any record of. The devotion of these two holy souls, their mutual love, their sympathetic interest, their intellectual intercourse, form a picture that sheds its radiant glow over that which is the sacrament of our nature, the love of a mother for her child—the purest, the most sanctified affection conceivable short of that of the Almighty Himself. And she alone of all human mothers bears the unique distinction of a double motherhood, that of nature and grace. It will always be a question whether St. Ambrose or St. Monica had the larger share in the conversion of St. Augustine. In a word, his life from the time of his conversion, about the age of thirty, to the time of his death at the age of seventy-six, was one of continual penance, of real austerity and unremitting labors.

We will now consider him as a great saint, and this brings us naturally to the consideration of sainthood. What is a saint? A saint is one who tries to know what God wants him

to do and who does it. Sanctity therefore consists in doing the will of God. The saint realizes that he is an instrument in the hand of God for a certain definite purpose, and this is equally true of the angels in Heaven. They have their appointed task, and their execution of His designs constitutes their sanctity. Even although the saint may not see the ulterior end, he presses ever onward when the will of God is made manifest to him. Even sometimes it happens that this revelation does not come to him in this life. The great Cardinal, whose genius and learning and classic eloquence are the proud inheritance of the Catholic Church, and who resembled our great saint in so many points of mental endowment, says in that hymn which stands first and foremost in our English tongue :

“ Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.”

Who ever knew of a saint without conceiving some desire to become like him ? This was what St. Augustine felt when most enslaved by his passions. *Ubi mihi homo tuus ista narravit, exarsi ad imitandum* (Conf., 8). Indeed, virtue is beautiful in itself ; it needs

but its own splendor and elegance to gain our admiration and esteem. By an inherent law of our very nature we are impelled, nay, we are forced to love a thing or person in proportion to his perfection. We are not permitted to despise that which appeals to the best instincts of our nature, by its goodness, its excellence, its perfection. If a single act of self-denial, of benevolence, of generosity, suffices to charm us, how can we be otherwise than enraptured to see in a mortal body a soul as pure as a celestial spirit, detached from the senses, superior to every passion, indifferent to earthly interests, elevated above the world by its affections and its thoughts, dead to everything imperfect and perishable, living only to contemplate Him, to love and to serve Him, who is its beginning and its end—the Eternal and Infinite Being, source of all greatness, all beauty, and all perfection?

In analyzing genuine piety we thus see that it is threefold. It is self-denying, because self-indulgence kills the true love of God. It is kind and charitable, because it sees Jesus Christ in every creature. And, what was very conspicuous in our saint, it is courageous,

because human respect and the customs of the world soon extinguish the piety of a soul that is coward.

St. Augustine was not only a holy priest, a model penitent, an indefatigable apostle, a courageous shepherd always ready to give his life for his flock ; he was the creator of Western Theology, having brought forward, argued, and resolved the most difficult questions with an admirable science, drawn only from the reading and meditation of the Sacred Books. Among the men whom the Providence of God raised up in the long history of the Catholic Church to be the learned and eloquent defenders of truth and the destroyers of heresy ; men, who, like the Cherubim, seem drawn nearer to the Divine Intelligence by their intellectual greatness : among these learned saints and doctors, our saint stands pre-eminent. His keen perception, his exact learning, his profound philosophy and theology, his unerring reasoning faculties, his elegance of diction, place him in the forefront of the men of genius of all times. Of his epigrammatic sayings, clearing up obscure points in theology, some have become household

words, while others have been incorporated in the definitions and teachings of General Councils as the most perfect expressions of the faith of the Church. His luminous mind has poured a flood of light upon the minds of all scholars and students from his time to the present, and thus, the vast multitude of learned men and scholars from his day on have been, and always will be, his debtors. To give you a faint idea of his intellectual pre-eminence over the giants of learning, known as the "Church Doctors," we have only to cite the words of the great Bishop of Meaux, Bossuet, than whom few approached nearer to him in the republic of intellect and learning: "It is a fact that no one can deny, that while others have illuminated this or that point of doctrine, he alone has thrown light on all equally."

Manichæism gave him the opportunity to treat of the depths of the Divine Nature, of Creation, of Providence, the nothingness from which all things have been drawn, and the free will of man, in which must be sought the cause of evil; in short, of the authority and perfect conformity of the Two Testaments. Donatism caused him to discuss minutely and



from their bases the effects of the sacraments and the authority of the Church.

Having had to contend with the Arians in Africa, he left the all-important doctrine of Christ's Divinity more strongly enforced and more clearly explained than it was before. He spoke of the Incarnation of the Son of God with as much accuracy and profundity as was done afterwards at Ephesus, or rather, he preceded the decisions of that Council. His famous dictum on hearing the condemnation of the Donatists, *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, was also in effect an anticipation of the great work of the Council of the Vatican in declaring the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Pelagian sect gave occasion to this learned Father to uphold the foundation of Christian humility; and, by explaining thoroughly the spirit of the New Covenant, he developed the principles of Christian morality. So that one may say of St. Augustine, that all the dogmas of religion, speculative as well as practical, having been so profoundly explained by him, he is the only one of the Fathers through whom Providence has designed, by

means of the disputes which arose during his time, to give us a body of theology, which is the fruit of his continual and profound study of the Sacred Books ; and this theologian is at the same time a great philosopher, to whom all historians of philosophy give a place in their works, amongst the metaphysicians who have thrown light on human thought.

And now, dearly beloved, it remains for us to imitate him in his life of penance and austerity—the only thing real in this world: “Except you do penance you shall all likewise perish.” In so doing it will be our ineffable joy and consolation to approach nearer and nearer his holy life and attractive example ; and before leaving this Holy Presence, let us renew our allegiance, our strong and abiding conviction, and our heart’s gratitude for the choicest gift in the hand of God—the faith that our saint so clearly expounded and learnedly defended, remembering his own great words, *Fecisti nos ad te*, “Thou hast made us for Thee, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they repose in Thee.”

In making a historic retrospect of this parish for nearly a half century ; in recalling the

learned and saintly pastors, who have ministered to the flock of Christ here ; viewing the substantial buildings of church, rectory, and school, in charge of the Heaven-inspired daughters of St. Vincent de Paul ; the strong faith and the genuine piety of the people, their unvarying loyalty to those in charge ; the seven sanctuary boys, four of whom gladly officiate here to-day, who from serving at this altar are now offering the Divine Sacrifice at others, as priests of the Most High : these, and much that could be added, are to us the unfailing evidences of the fatherly care, the kindly sympathy, and the powerful intercession of the model penitent, the great saint, and the luminous doctor, St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

SERMON FOR THE OCCASION OF A  
PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF  
ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, BEAUPRE,  
CANADA, JULY 22, 1903.

*Right Reverend Monsignor, Reverend Fathers,  
Beloved Fellow-Pilgrims:*

It has been suggested by the Right Rev. Director of the pilgrimage to say a few simple words pertinent to this occasion. At the outset, it will be well perhaps to define what the Church understands by a relic. The name of relic is given to the mortal remains of saints, as well as to objects that have been closely connected with Christ or the saints. These relics are placed beneath or upon our altars; they also, in some instances, pass into the possession of private persons. As to their authenticity and genuineness the Church pronounces no infallible judgment. She takes all reasonable precautions against deception, lays

down rules for their verification, absolutely forbids and banishes all known false and spurious relics, condemns all traffic in them as well as wilful deception. Secondly, the genuineness of relics rests upon their history, and the traditions of their safe custody. We can obtain no more than a moral certainty as to their authenticity, and for public veneration of relics, however well authenticated, episcopal approbation is required. In all human affairs men act upon moral certainty as the criterion of their actions. Infallibility is not looked for, except in the sacred domain of divine faith and moral teaching.

Now that which is of faith in the matter of relics is summed up in the words of the Council of Trent : "The sacred bodies of the martyrs and other saints reigning with Christ, which were His living members and temples of the Holy Ghost, are to be held in veneration by the faithful, and many benefits have been granted to men, by God, through their means" (Sess. XXV.). Nothing can be clearer than the mind of the Church expressed in these words, illustrated as it has been and confirmed in every century by the Holy

Fathers and writers of the Church. "God," says St. John Chrysostom, "has divided the possession of the saints between Himself and us ; He has taken their souls to Himself, and has left their bodies for us."

Now, the question naturally arises, how do we honor the relics of the saints ? By preserving them with reverence, and visiting the spot where they are deposited. And this honor reaches its highest culmination by means of a pious pilgrimage. Even among the Jews, relics were regarded with reverence. At the exit from Egypt, Moses took Joseph's bones with him (Exod. xiii., 19). The early Christians also had great respect for relics. When St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was torn to pieces by lions, two of his companions came by night and gathered up his bones, carrying them to Antioch. When St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, was burned alive, the Christians collected his ashes, valuing them more than jewels. At an early date it was customary to erect chapels and altars above the tombs of martyrs, and offer the Holy Sacrifice over their remains. It is out of respect to the dead that we lay wreaths on their coffins, and deck

their graves with flowers, and erect costly monuments and expensive mausoleums. From time immemorial, pilgrimages have been made to the sepulchres of the saints. For nineteen centuries the faithful have been wont to visit the tombs of the Apostles in Rome or the holy places in Palestine. The early Christians flocked in such numbers to the Holy Land that the places in Jerusalem were thronged with devout worshippers. Any one who had not been thither esteemed himself a worse Christian than his neighbor. "We visit the sepulchres of the saints," says St. John Chrysostom, "and prostrate ourselves there in order to obtain some grace which we need." Even in matters secular, in matters concerning love of country, we feel an augmentation of patriotic fervor when we visit scenes consecrated by the blood of the martyrs of liberty and the champions of free government.

Besides, the fact cannot be ignored that God, in the inscrutable designs of his Providence, has often granted, and still grants extraordinary favors, graces, and even wonderful miracles at particular places and shrines, to honor certain mysteries or saints. In fact, our

Blessed Saviour Himself set the example in this respect for His followers in every age. On the principal Jewish feasts, Christ journeyed to Jerusalem to visit the temple, in accordance with the requirements of the Mosaic law; these journeys we can hardly call anything else but pilgrimages. And when in Jerusalem He would often go beyond the city gates to pass the night in prayer on Mount Olivet.

Now, as regards the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, to which we are journeying, tradition relates that some Breton mariners, while navigating the St. Lawrence, early in the seventeenth century, were overtaken by a violent storm. In their dire distress they had recourse to the patroness of their own dear Brittany, solemnly vowing that if St. Anne would save them from shipwreck they would build her a sanctuary on the very spot where they should happen to land. Their prayers were heard. When the morning dawned these brave men touched the shore on the north bank of the river, at a place seven leagues northeast of Quebec, and at that time known as Petit-Cap. True to their vow, they



raised a little wooden chapel which was to become famous throughout America. After building two churches that proved inadequate to the wants of the ever-increasing number of pilgrims, it was decided in 1872 to construct a new church on a plan and with dimensions that would answer all requirements, and would stand as a public and lasting monument of the devotion and gratitude of the Canadian people to St. Anne. It can now be truly said that St. Anne possesses, at Beaupré, one of the most beautiful temples in Canada. And that which gives our pilgrimage a peculiar pathos and sublimity is the fact that the great Pontiff, whose last days upon earth have evoked sympathy and heartfelt condolence, not only from those of his own household of faith, but those outside of it, in a manner unparalleled in the annals of history, and whose pontificate has shed immortal lustre both upon the Church and humanity, by a brief dated January 28, 1886, granted to the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré the title of Minor Basilica, together with all the privileges, honors, and prerogatives thereof. He also attached the indulgences of the seven altars of the Basilica of

St. Peter's at Rome to the seven altars of this church.

It is not our purpose to enter into the question of miracles. When we consider the great miracles of the Incarnation and the Redemption, works that stand alone in their astounding greatness, their far-reaching consequences, their unequalled magnitude, as evidences of God's mighty agencies and as the incontestable proofs of redeeming love and Divine condescension, all other miracles seem like so many perennial estuaries of this all-embracing ocean, and become as natural as the air we breathe.

And, finally, it would require the genius of a Lacordaire to recount the innumerable blessings and favors that flow from the veneration of the relics of Christ and His saints. St. John Damascene well says : " As water rushed from the rock in the wilderness at God's command, so by His will blessings flow from the relics of the saints. Where the remains of saints or martyrs are interred the snares of the devil lose their potency, and obstinate maladies are healed." St. Augustine relates numerous cures effected by the relics of St.

Stephen in Africa, besides the raising from the dead of two children. In the Old Testament we read of a dead man restored to life on coming in contact with the bones of the prophet Eliseus (4 Kings xiii., 21). Even in their lifetime the bodies of the saints were instrumental in working miracles. By the shadow of St. Peter (Acts v., 15) and by handkerchiefs or aprons touched by St. Paul (Acts xix., 12) the sick were delivered from their infirmities. But, it must be remembered, it is not by the relics themselves that these miracles are wrought, but by God. Hence it is not a superstitious act on the part of pious persons if they visit places of pilgrimage where God is pleased to work wonders by means of relics or images of the saints.

The strength of our faith, the fervor of our devotion, and the foreknowledge of God, who alone knows the future, will be the measure of the answers to our petitions on this holy journey to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. As God is never outdone in generosity, and as some of us have come from afar, we have every reason to hope for a generous installment of spiritual and temporal graces.

## ADDRESS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1896

**I**NDEPENDENCE DAY, 1896, was fittingly celebrated by the patriotic people of Mamaroneck, who assembled in thousands at the Village Square to assist at the exercises prescribed by the committee having the matter in charge. The programme comprised appropriate vocal selections, well rendered by the pupils of the different schools, accompanied by the local band. The meeting was called to order by the Village President, Thomas L. Rushmore, as chairman of the meeting. The speakers were Ex-United States Senator Thomas W. Palmer, the Rev. James E. Holmes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. Burton C. Meighan, and the Rev. Isidore Meister, who made an address as follows :

*Mr. President, Kind Neighbors, and Fellow-Citizens:*

It is with an extreme sense of diffidence and embarrassment that I rise to speak, on account

of the flow of eloquence and patriotic sentiment to which you have just listened. However, this is the day of all the days of our civil year. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year, we may be party-men, indulging in controversies, more or less important, as we think, for the public welfare ; we may have our likes and dislikes, and we may defend our political differences, often with warm feelings ; but to-day, we are Americans all, and nothing but Americans.

Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing become more proud and lofty as he remembers that one hundred and twenty years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his ; that one thought and one inspiration actuates and controls in its mighty embrace seventy millions of freemen, within the confines of our great Republic. It is in the very air which we breathe. It is part of our nature.

We could not, even if we would, divest ourselves of what to-day is uppermost in our minds as well as in our hearts,—love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal : a love as tender

as that of a son for his mother, strong as the very pillars of death. Patriotism ! There is magic in the word. History, poetry, and oratory are, and have always been, inspired to the noblest efforts by its potency. It thrills us as nothing else does. Far from being unreasonable, it is to my mind the most rational of our civil duties.

The pagans were wrong in making gods of their noblest heroes. The error, however, was only the excess of a great truth, that Heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism, and that it is one of earth's highest virtues.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. It is the vital spark of national honor, the fount of a nation's prosperity, the shield of a nation's safety, hence it transcends in worth, gold, commerce, industries, citadels, and warships. Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. It is sublime by its heroic immolation on the battlefield. "Oh, glorious," exclaims, in Homer, the Trojan warrior, "is he who falls for his country." "Of all human doings" writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more

estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth." It was this sublime elevation of thought that actuated the aged Horatius, when, told that his son had fled from the combat which decided the supremacy between Alba and Rome: seeing his indignation one asked him what his son should have done against three, and the old man replied, "He should have died." It was the same heroic impulse that brought victory and national existence to the Greeks at Marathon, and inspired the valiant defense of Leonidas and his heroic followers at Thermopylæ; and which in our own history impelled the brave and dying Lawrence to exclaim, "Don't give up the ship!"

Countries are of Divine appointment. The Most High divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of the peoples. Man is a social being. A necessary condition of his existence and growth to mature age is the family. For purposes of security to life and property, and to aid in the full development of the faculties and powers of the children of men, a larger social organization is needed, and hence the necessity of

human government. It follows that government is a means, not an end, as most of the old governments would have us believe. We believe in the Providence of God over nations, as we believe in His wisdom and love, and patriotism to our country rises within our souls invested with the halo of our religion to God.

If this be true of all legitimate governments, and if by a law of our nature, we love a thing in proportion to its perfection or goodness, and if, as the heir of all the ages, we have grafted into our Constitution all that is best in other governments, how pure and strong should be our love for the institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers !

In the early part of our country's history, a trans-Atlantic poet and philosopher who had resided for some time in Newport, reading well the signs of the times, wrote :

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way,  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day :  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

This extraordinary prophecy may be considered only as the result of long forethought



and sagacity, stimulated, nevertheless, by excited feelings and high enthusiasm. Berkeley's prophetic vision saw America born into the family of nations as the highest event in humanity's evolution, as the crowning of the ages in the political and moral elevation of man.

America is the country of human dignity and human liberty. Her citizenship is indeed the noblest in history, because founded upon manhood, in accordance with the universal charter of liberty and the rights of man as proclaimed in the Gospel, and in harmony with its expression in the immortal document known as Magna Charta, eloquently and illustriously emphasized in our own Declaration of Independence.

When the foundation of our nation was laid over a century ago, a democratic government was a bold and extraordinary experiment. A government of the people, by the people, for the people, was Abraham Lincoln's definition of the government of George Washington.

All political power, in the ultimate analysis, is derived from God through the people ; the people are the first depositaries of it, and all rulers whose reign is based on right are its

agents. *Non est potestas nisi a Deo.* It should seem, therefore, most simple and rational that the people, the original owners of power, should retain it under their control, and limit it by their immediate action to its sole and legitimate purpose, the welfare of the people. History, however, reveals different dispositions of it. To other forms of government we may concede a lower order of intelligence, on the part of their subjects, than our own, since intelligence is a necessary condition for its full and due exercise.

“The foundation of the Republic,” says James Bryce, “is confidence in the multitude, and in its honest and good sense.” Our idea of liberty is exemption from all restraint, save that of the laws of justice and order. The divine gift of liberty to man is God’s recognition of his greatness and dignity. The sweetness of life and the power of growth lie in liberty. In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes and gives.

In America there are no masters who govern in their own right, in their own interest or will.

We have no Louis XIV. saying to us, *L'état c'est moi*; no Hohenzollern announcing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and his God; no Czar whose will is the law of his people.

The Republic of America was a supreme act of confidence in man, a confession such as never had been made of human dignity and human ability. Its creation was the noblest political act recorded in history. The French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote that democracy is a government fit only for the gods but unfit for man. As our patriotic sires uplifted the starry flag refulgent with hopes of the new spirit in humanity, the nations foretold for the Republic a brief period of life.

A century and more have passed and the Republic planted by Washington remains and has stood the highest and hardest test, a civil war; and the sun of Appomatox proclaimed to all the world, that it still thrills with most potent strength and exalted hopes. From this it follows that America is a providential nation. As I believe that God rules over men and nations, so I believe that a divine mission has been assigned to the Republic of George

Washington. That nation is to prepare by the example of moral influence for the reign of liberty and human rights among the nations of the world.

We do not live for ourselves. The great destinies of humanity are in our keeping. No Monroe Doctrine confines our democracy to the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. Our liberty sustains the liberty of humanity; the strong and inherent force of our example for the last century has permeated nearly all the nations and governments of the world in advancing the cause of liberty, laws, and institutions. France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, England, even Russia, and far-off Japan have profited and been made freer by our example.

In this connection we wish a fervent God-speed to Cuba, struggling against fearful odds; and, judging by our own case, only one issue can be hers — Independence.

While endorsing entirely and emphatically what my worthy friend has said in this regard, I am forced by my convictions and aspirations to go one step farther, to express the hope that in the near future, not only brave Cuba, but every foot of territory on our continent will be

under the government and the laws of its own people.

Let us not forget, my dear friends, the dangers that beset all governments. The best safeguards against all perils are specified for us by the Father of the Republic in his farewell address : "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who would labor to subvert these two great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Finally I wish to impress upon your minds in closing, the importance of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and strong, full of spirit, eloquence, and power ; a liberty that has produced multitudes of great men ; but it was a liberty of disconnected states, often involved in wars among themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its keenest edge against Athens and enslaved her ; and in her turn Sparta was compelled to bow before the power of Thebes. And this want of harmony between the several states of Greece was the

cause that finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Macedon.

It is highly to our credit as an aggregate of Free States, to be able to say in this connection, that the very reverse was our case in the Venezuela difficulty, when the heart of the nation was fired with martial ardor in defense of the Monroe Doctrine against aggressive and land-grasping England.

President Lincoln on a memorable occasion, in dedicating the field of Gettysburg, and setting it aside as the burial ground of the illustrious and heroic dead who fell in that important battle, said that we could not consecrate it, since it had already received a higher consecration—the blood of the heroes sacrificed thereon as upon an altar in behalf of the Federal Union. And as the same reasons consecrate many other battlefields and graveyards throughout the vast expanse of our country, we rightly and sacredly hold the whole country as sanctified and hallowed by the remains of the honored dead who fought for its preservation.

And while we honor the dead, let us not be unmindful of extending the meed of praise

and a nation's gratitude to the honored veteran soldiers, whom we hope to have still long with us, as the living embodiment of true and real patriotism. May Father Time deal kindly, gently, and lovingly with them for years to come.

## ADDRESS ON THE DAY OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S BURIAL

(From the Mamaroneck *Register*.)

**I**N common with the grief-stricken nation, the people of Mamaroneck, irrespective of party or creed, assembled in the historic town hall, on Thursday evening, September 26, 1901, to pay their tribute of love and veneration to the martyr President, William McKinley. The attendance was so large that hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The venerable Thomas L. Rushmore, than whom no one is more highly honored or esteemed in this part of the county, was prevailed upon to preside. Among the speakers who had been requested by the committee in charge to make addresses were the Rev. Frank M. Upham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Hon. Bradford Rhodes, Mr. Burton Meighan, Mr. Samuel S. Preston, Principal of the High School, Mr. Charles F. Baxter, Supervisor, Mr. Daniel Warren, Presi-



dent of the Village, and the Rev. Isidore Meister, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity. Mr. Rushmore, on taking the chair, after a few words, introduced the Rev. Father Meister, who spoke as follows :

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

When desolation covers the land and a whole nation is dissolved in tears, when a newly made grave has received the mortal remains of our Chief Magistrate, the feelings and the emotions that overwhelm every loyal heart are too deep and too sacred to be conveyed by the poor medium of human speech. Deep down in the inmost recesses of our nature we feel our great sorrow more keenly, more poignantly, than the loftiest eloquence can give expression to. But, feeble as words are in a national crisis like this, they must needs be the expression of our affection, our sorrow, and our admiration for the illustrious departed.

I remember well, when an undergraduate at college, with what a shock the American people heard of the awful crime committed in Ford's Theatre, in Washington, on the 14th of April, 1865. The heart of the nation stood still, all hearts seemed paralyzed, men

spoke with bated breath and blanched countenance. For the first time a President of the United States was struck down by the hand of an assassin. We could not at first realize that the great Captain who had led us so safely through the perils of war was himself struck down just as the dawn of the longed-for peace began to break. Sixteen years later, the nation was again startled by the announcement that for the second time its chosen head was dying—shot down by an assassin.

The assassination of Lincoln and Garfield has passed into history, and it was fondly hoped and prayed that never again would a President of the United States face such deadly peril. It is not surprising then, that a wave of indignation swept over the land when again an assassin's hand was lifted against one who ten months ago was re-elected by his countrymen to the high office of President of the Republic.

The crime whose sound has reverberated throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world is too monstrous, too far-reaching, too Satanic, for words to express our

deep-seated execration. It is a crime levelled against our very humanity, striking at the root of all laws, divine and human, making its perpetrator *hostis humani generis*—the enemy of mankind.

From the beginning the world has possessed divine light, divine charity, divine authority, yea, a divine society. From the primitive site of Eden to the summit of Ararat, from Ararat to the rock of Sinai, from Sinai to Mount Sion and Calvary, from Calvary to the hill of the Vatican and every sanctuary and pulpit throughout Christendom, God has never ceased manifestly to act and to be present upon earth ; and it seems that this reign of heaven-born light, charity, and authority, this union of souls through God and in God, our common Father, should, if it were possible, be realized here below, or at least not encounter enmity and opposition ; but the life of man on earth is a warfare and God Himself accepts the condition. In so far as His Providence is concerned in our lives He gives Himself to be judged by us, and consequently to be accepted by some and rejected by others. This dissension is as old as the world.

In my way of thinking we have come to the parting of the ways, and before suggesting anything in the way of a remedy for the future, it will be well for us to call to our minds the principles of theology relating to civil society.

Man is by nature a being fashioned for society. His instincts, his needs demand society; they demand the guarantees and the encouragements of society. He depends for his existence and for his growth upon the family, the first of all social units; the individual and family depend for the undisturbed enjoyment of their most sacred rights upon the highest social form—the state. It is the superior authority of the body politic that secures “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” The great movements which improve and elevate the human race spring from the emulation which society supplies. For man, the absence of social organization means warfare with his fellows, the paralysis of his energies, and barbarism.

Society requires a central authority—government. We are here confronted with the great problem—the construction of society

upon principles which, while guarding it against anarchy, will guard it with no less jealousy against despotism. Anarchy is the total disruption of the social framework ; authority is needed to avert this evil, but authority suggests the danger of an evil no less fatal, the abuse of authority, or despotism, which under pretense of warding off lawlessness, crushes out with iron heel the rights which it was instituted to preserve. Anarchy and despotism are the Scylla and Charybdis of civil society. Death lurks in both and will come as surely and as swiftly from one as from the other.

Never in the history of the world was the difficulty of the social problem so keenly felt by humanity as it is to-day. Society is unstable, it reels as if drunk with vile passion. At one moment it is trembling as if on the brink of final dissolution, amid the clamor and violence of Communists, Nihilists, and Anarchists ; at another, it is rushing on with a mad shriek of despair into the ruthless grasp of military Cæsarism, or worshipping the irresponsible absolutism of the state.

It seems evident to all thinking men, that we have gone to the extreme of liberty, both

in speech and in writing. It is time to distinguish between license and liberty. We have laws against obscene literature, and still greater is the necessity for laws to prohibit the advocacy of theories and principles subversive of Christianity or lawfully established authority. The highest law is that of self-preservation, and we should see to it that laws are enacted to extirpate the teachings of anarchistic doctrines either by speech or the press. In the words of a great teacher of men, "We should make education more Christian." It should be our earnest endeavor to instil into the minds of the young greater respect for those who rule us, remembering that all power is from God, that in our obedience to the civil authority we render to God the things that are God's. "By me," says Divine Wisdom, "kings reign and lawgivers decree just things; by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." St. Paul teaches: "There is no power but from God"—*non est potestas nisi a Deo*; "and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, for he (the Ruler) is God's minister to thee for good."

The present Holy Father, in his great wisdom and keen foresight, in his very first Encyclical, as well as in others, has condemned in the strongest terms the teachings of the Socialists and Anarchists as subversive of all authority, both human and divine, but at the same time he safeguards the rights of property.

In this respect we see the necessity of the *Index Expurgatorius*, which we have in our Church, condemning under the severest penalties all books against faith and morals.

The untimely death of the third martyr President comes to us as a national misfortune from every point of view. It comes to us at a time of the nation's prosperity and an aggrandizement without parallel in our glorious history. Never before was our prosperity so far-reaching, so great, and so universal. We stand as never before in the vanguard of the nations for all that makes for material happiness. Never before were we as a people so united, and hence with one heart and with one mind do we bewail our sad bereavement.

We mourn for a statesman who has placed our country in the forefront of the nations of the world, extended her territories so that we

almost circle the globe itself, and achieved for us a position of eminence, influence, and power undreamed of before. From being a world power by the strong and irresistible influence of example, we have reached the crowning point of national glory, in combining the two great dominant forces, the moral and the physical.

In the prime and enthusiasm of his early manhood, when the nation's life was in the balance, when government by the people, of the people, and for the people was on trial, when the liberty purchased by the blood and treasure of our forefathers was in the throes of a deadly conflict, his young and manly heart, his patriotic zeal and loyalty, urged him to offer his life, if need be, upon the altar of his country, like so many others of the true sons of the Republic, many of whom we are pleased to see with us this evening ; like our honored veterans, he joined the army of the Union, and fought for its life on many a battlefield.

It would require the eloquence of a Webster to depict his tireless devotion, his strong love, and his tender sympathy for the partner of his life in her recent painful illness. The holy



and sanctifying influence of his truly Christian home radiates to every fireside in our land like a benediction. Throughout the entire world, wherever there are hearts to feel and minds to appreciate, its uplifting power is felt; it cannot but make us think better of our humanity; its warm radiance will be felt for generations to come. Spontaneously the words of Tennyson, said of Prince Albert as his ideal knight, come to our minds. Our late President was indeed one

“Who revered his conscience as his king;  
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;  
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;  
Who loved one only and who claved to her—  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.  
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,  
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone.”

In view of his well-rounded character, of his civic and domestic virtues, of his eminent and imperishable services to his country, of his typical American manhood, we can well and proudly say in the words of the greatest of poets :

“His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, ‘This was a Man.’”

ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF A FIRE-ENGINE HOUSE,  
MAMARONECK, N. Y.

**F**AVORED with pleasant weather, the laying of the corner-stone of the Hook and Ladder Company's new building on Mamaroneck Avenue drew a large audience, on November 3, 1902. Mr. Daniel Warren, President of the Village, was the first speaker, and his congratulatory remarks were eloquently delivered and heartily applauded. The Rev. Father Meister, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, delivered the oration.—*Mamaroneck Register*.

THE ADDRESS.

*Mr. President, Ladies, and Fellow-Citizens:*

When the invitation came to me to address you on this auspicious occasion, I cheerfully and gladly accepted it. Whatever tends to advance our material progress commends itself to every good citizen. Those who are leaders in any community by their positions,

are and of right ought to be to the fore in everything that stands for progress and for protection. It is the practical carrying out of real and true patriotism. If the pagan writer and philosopher of old said, *Nihî humani al me alienum puto*,—"I consider nothing alien to me that is human,"—this truth receives a higher confirmation and a loftier conception in our own time and place as members of this community.

During a residence of some twenty-seven years, I have seen many changes in the way of improvements in this beautiful home centre, in the form of substantial dwellings, stores, schools, and churches. In these every member of our community takes a just and laudable pride. The spirit of the age—the "Zeitgeist"—is abroad and we in Mamaroneck feel its power, its beneficence, its greatness. With our natural increase, as the most beautiful suburb of the great metropolis of the Western Continent, there devolves upon us the imperative duty of better protection for life and property. The cry of the Romans of old was, *Pro aris et focis*,—"For our altars and our fire-sides,"—and hence the sublime and inspiring

sight of the banding together of resolute men, as the protectors of our homes against the fiercest and most destructive of all elements—fire.

It was, then, a happy thought that suggested the ceremony of to-day—the bringing together of the various elements of our community—the removal of all barriers, social, political, and religious. It is to be regretted that gatherings of this nature are not more frequent; gatherings when we feel the glow of friendship, and where the moral force by which we influence one another is brought into activity in a cause at once noble and patriotic. In the wide range of agencies, there is none more potent than this moral force of example.

When this moral force is brought to bear upon our civic duties, it makes them easier of fulfilment and brings us in closer touch with our civil authorities; it must needs make us better citizens, better men, and, not the least of all, better neighbors—in a word, this is the genius of our American democracy; founded as it is, not upon armed force, not upon coercion, but upon the manhood and the virtues of its citizens.

It was highly appropriate that the various representatives of the religious life of our town, under the auspices of our village government, should have been requested to lay this corner-stone, for the reason that the fundamental, the underlying principle of this entire movement is our common Christianity. It is the uniting in the strong bond of mutual sympathy and support, the religious and the civil authority, for the betterment of our beloved town of Mamaroneck. It was this that inspired the generosity of the contributors, and made possible, not only the inception but the completion of this, the first building of its kind within our limits; and like the mercy of Heaven itself, it is twice blessed,—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

In this connection it is well to remember that the same divine impulse, the same practical charity, the same altruism, that makes for the good of others is shown in the highest degree in the work of the fire fighters. Forgetful of their own interests, with no thought of self, like indomitable heroes, they peril all, and often sacrifice life itself, in behalf of others, and the property of others. Where

the hand of misfortune weighs heaviest, where desolation and ruin threaten the happiest homes, they afford aid and protection, and often, after deeds of heroism, they offer that which is highest—life itself, to save it in others. It must be remembered that this immolation of self upon the altar of brotherly love is accorded not only to friend and neighbor, but to an enemy as well. It is here that the sublime duty of charity assumes a divine form and character.

For the fireman himself it is a real education. It brings out in him that which is best in his humanity,—his courage and his manhood. It nerves him in the hour of conflict, it makes him fearless in danger, it becomes the stimulating force of that which is most admirable,—sacrifice and endurance. It is a school of discipline; it moulds character, it destroys selfishness, it controls feelings and passions that are destructive by their very nature. It teaches him self-control, and thus while he benefits others, he is himself bettered, and thereby becomes a better father, a better husband, and a better citizen. He is made to realize not only the necessity but the ineffa-

ble advantages of ready and prompt obedience, and it is just here that his patriotism indirectly receives a new glow of warmth and power. It makes him form a better conception of the valor of his comrades in their display of heroism and manly courage ; it is therefore by its very nature uplifting, it makes a hero of the feeble and a giant of the weak ; it transforms and elevates his entire manhood.

Only yesterday, in conversation with Fire Chaplain the Rev. Father Smith, he told me of deeds of noble daring in rescuing the lives of Bishop Ludden and many others in the Park Avenue Hotel fire that have not been surpassed on any battlefield.

We hear much of this being the materialist age of the world — that the idol of this generation is the almighty dollar, and for it alone will men strive and starve, and, if need be, die ; that selfishness rules and heroism is sneered at as obsolete. There never was a grosser or more gratuitous falsehood. The world has never known a more heroic, unselfish, and courageous age than this in which we have the unspeakable good fortune to live and act. The heroism of this day is so

universal, so common, and so often exhibited that it really makes no impression upon us as we read of it in the daily papers, or see or hear of it in our daily lives. It may seem an exaggeration to say that to-day every one is in nature and possibility a hero ; and yet it would not be far wrong. There is not a day in which acts of heroism are not performed.

In the most ordinary walks of life every man meets danger with coolness and unquestioning sense of duty. Fireman, policeman, nurses—men and women of humble means and meagre wages—accept their employment with the tacit stipulation that they are to die if death confronts them in their line of duty ; while you, volunteer firemen in this glorious company of heroic benefactors, occupy a higher plane, a prouder position, in giving your services and imperilling your lives, not only gratuitously, but at a loss of time, money, and energy.

Then all honor to those who contributed, and all praise and love and high regard to you, good men and true, who stand ready at all times, and under all conditions, to come between us and ruin, between us and the destruction of our homes, our firesides, and our very lives.



ADDRESS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY AT  
MAMARONECK, N. Y., 1903.

**M**R. DANIEL WARREN, Village President, presided over the meeting. The attendance was unusually numerous, including the town officials, hundreds of villagers, and the members of the local Italian Christopher Columbus Society. Addresses were made also by the Rev. Mr. German of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Mr. Upham of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. D. Warren, Mr. B. C. Meighan, and Mr. Charles Baxter.

*Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens :*

I confess to a feeling of extreme diffidence on rising to address you this morning on account of the many things that can and might be said on a day of such glorious memories, and fraught with such serious responsibilities.

The great Declaration of civil and political liberty has just been clearly and impressively read. Its matchless eloquence and golden

periods seem to thrill the very air we breathe, and kindle anew in our hearts the sacred fire of patriotism. It is ever new, ever fresh, and always uplifting and soul-inspiring. It seems to bear the stamp of inspiration and power. Its reading suggests to the thoughtful listener, the far-off time when amid the shades of Eden the first man stood forth in all the glory of his manhood, "a little less than the angels," fresh from the creative hand of God, as the lord and king of the universe ; all creation subject to him ; bearing in his soul the very image of the triune God—resplendent in his very form with the character, the glory, the divine halo of his inherent prerogative, Liberty. We say his form proclaims this holy truth, since he alone of all the creatures that Omnipotence called into being stands erect before his Maker, as well as before the whole visible universe. His nobility, his manhood, and consequently his freedom are a necessary part of his nature, and, hence, the immortal Declaration starts wisely with the statement of that first and fundamental principle, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty, and, as

a corollary, the pursuit of happiness. This Heaven-born principle of liberty was again luminously proclaimed with great impressiveness on Mount Sinai, since most of the commandments of the Decalogue are nothing but the divine safeguarding of our inborn rights ; and by the Redeemer in proclaiming the great law of the brotherhood of man, " Love thy neighbor as thyself." Moreover, when, after the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the subsequent gigantic task of bestowing upon the hordes of the Goths and Vandals of the north the benefits of civilization and Christianity, kings forgot their obligations and the inherent rights of the people, the barons on the tented field of Runnymede, leagued together for the defense of this same holy principle, wrung from King John in 1215 the great charter of civil and political rights,—*Magna Charta*,—the glorious prototype of our own immortal Declaration of Independence.

The Bill of Rights approved and adopted at Whitehall, England, in 1688, forms another of the historic documents, and one that has laid the foundation of modern parliamentary government and legislation, and that has attained

its highest perfection in our constitutions, both State and Federal. We have thus traced in a faint outline, the imperishable and divine principle of civil and political liberty so perfectly enunciated in the Declaration adopted this day, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, and that gave birth to the greatest Republic, the freest institutions, and the most important Nation in the long course of history, and one which may God always guard and preserve in His holy keeping.

Passing over to the continent of Europe, we tread upon the hallowed confines of the Italian republics of Genoa, Pisa, Sienna, Florence, Venice, not forgetting Switzerland, that classic land of mountain liberty. It was most meet and appropriate that the children of Italy should unite with us to-day in commemorating the birthday of the greatest Republic of all time. We do not forget, no one can forget, that their great and illustrious countryman, Christopher Columbus, by his transcendent genius and indomitable courage, plucked this Continent from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and thus gave a new and an abiding home to all lovers of true liberty. And there-

fore, friends and neighbors,—sons of sunny Italy, the home of art, of music, and of poetry,—we extend to you to-day a hearty, sincere, and genuine American welcome in our patriotic celebration.

Now the question naturally arises, what is liberty? Liberty is the untrammelled use of one's powers and faculties. It is the ownership of one's self; it is at the same time the possibility of self-expansion and aggrandizement, the mainspring of movement and progress in society. What are its chief qualities and characteristics? By reason of its origin it is holy, a gift from God, and one which He Himself invariably respects, an attribute which He holds inviolable. According to the words of the Nation's hymn, "Freedom throws its holy light," its radiance, over all men as their birthright. Its natural tendency is conducive to holiness, since it respects the rights of others, and thus becomes another name for brotherly love. It is intellectual, for the reason that it gives full play to all the faculties of our nature, both moral and mental; its nature is onward and upward; it is the light and the soul of reason; it is the very life of

patriotism, it has been the inspiration of a thousand battlefields ; it symbolizes the dream of nations, the ideal of temporal grandeur and felicity ; and he who dies in its defence expires with the halo of the martyr. Under its benign influence religion flourishes and exerts her best influences, while, on the other hand, religion is its best stay and support.

It will not be out of place to say a few words on the safeguards of liberty.

The first and strongest of these is authority—liberty and authority are one. License sacrilegiously calls itself liberty, “making liberty a cloak for malice.” Despotism dares to usurp the holy name of authority. The conflict is either between license and authority or despotism and liberty. Liberty presupposes and follows from authority. Authority has liberty for its object. It is a nation’s most sacred inheritance ; it is a protection required against unjust interference of others. Authority, furthermore, combines into one force the energies of many and renders individual rights the more fruitful and progress the more certain. All lawbreakers are indicted and condemned by virtue of authority vested in the people as

a unit. Liberty outside of authority is the freedom of the wild beasts which devour one another; or of anarchy which seeks the destruction of the entire social order. The sacrifices which authority demands from the good and well-disposed community are compensated a hundred-fold in the advantages that it affords; while authority is held sacred, liberty is safe; when authority is assailed a death-blow is levelled at liberty, as is evident from the destructive work of the French Communists.

“There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God.” The same principle of Christian teaching which consecrates authority, confines it to its just limits. If civil power is from God, it is to be used for the purpose intended by God—the preservation of society, the defense of the rights of individuals and families. God grants no power to rule against Himself. The Divine Laws, the supreme dictates of righteousness and goodness, must never be violated. In their official, as well as in their private life, rulers are subject to them. God is the “King of Kings and the Lord of Lords,” and nations, no less than individuals, are His creatures. We

therefore see that the fulness of our liberty, political and civil, is firmly and securely safeguarded by the divine principle of authority, and thus rests upon the bed-rock of truth, and of God's decrees.

We lay special emphasis on this truth, for the reason that our Republic rests not upon armed force, like the governments of Europe, but upon the virtues, the character, and the manhood of its citizens. It is the most successful experiment of self-government in the history of the world, and, in consequence, our civic responsibilities far surpass in magnitude those of any other nation, and the Republic in return has claims of a high and imperative order.

The vast forces of our educational system, from the smallest private school up to our great universities, have for their main object the formation, the training of men to good citizenship. Add to this the divine, the energizing power of religion, and you have the two greatest moral agencies known to our humanity leagued together in a sacred covenant for the perpetuation of the Republic of Washington and the Fathers—time's noblest offspring in the family of nations.



Republic of America, receive from us here assembled on the anniversary of this thy natal day, on ground made holy in the conflict that tried men's souls, our love and loyalty. Standing upon the threshold of the new century, with prosperity unequalled, we devoutly hope and pray that thy glory may never be dimmed. Thou bearest in thy bosom the freightage of the best hopes, the brightest interests of humanity. Thy Heaven-appointed mission is to teach all men the blessings, the happiness, and the national aggrandizement of civil, political, and religious liberty. In view of what must be thy glorious expansion as a nation, we say, our hearts aglow with fervent hope, with patriotic ardor, and with supreme trust in God, *Esto perpetua !*

ADDRESS AT MEETING OF ST. JOSEPH'S  
ALUMNI, TROY, N. Y.

(From the *Home Journal and News*.)

THE first meeting of the Alumni of St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, New York, was in every way a satisfactory gathering. The Right Reverend Bishop Gabriel, of Ogdensburg, celebrated Pontifical Mass, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, West 51st Street, New York City, assisted by the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, as deacon, and the Rev. William H. Rogers as sub-deacon; the assistant priest was the Right Rev. Monsignor John Edwards; Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. Thomas F. Myhan. The Right Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V. G., Rector of the Church and President of the Alumni Association, in a few happily chosen words, extended a hearty welcome to all. At the conclusion of the business meeting, the members present, about one hundred in number, adjourned to the rooms of the Catholic Club, where dinner was served. The Right Rev. President acted as toastmaster.

The first speaker was the Right Rev. Henry Gabriel, D. D., the second president of the Seminary, and for many years its professor of Dogmatic Theology. He was followed by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of the Cathedral, and the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, who spoke of "The Old Times." The Rev. Isidore Meister, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck, New York, responded to the toast "Our Old Professors."

I need hardly say, Right Reverend and Reverend Brethren of the Alumni, how pleased I am, and how honored I feel, at being called upon to respond to a toast so congenial to my mind, and so well calculated to admit of the sincere expression of gratitude to the good men and true of our Alma Mater—"Our Old Professors." This sense of our filial regard and appreciation, while it is uplifting in relation to ourselves, pays at the same time tribute where honor and admiration are due.

Their very selection by the great Cardinal-Archbishop McClosky, than whom there was no better judge of men, is more than a guarantee of their eminent fitness for the most important, the most far-reaching work in the

Catholic Church. Their holy, their sublime mission, was analogous to the work of our Lord Himself, in personally forming the characters of his Apostles. The very thought of those learned men leaving home, country, life-long associations, as well as certain and marked preferment, stamps them at once as confessors of the faith, as men whose characters were cast in a heroic mould. Indeed, it seems as if their coming here to form the priestly character of hundreds of callow young men was a small instalment, at this late day, in the hand of Providence, towards repaying the debt that their forefathers owe to the distant progenitors of most of the young men taught by them : thus reversing the action of Charlemagne, who called from the Western Isles the professors of his Royal College, at a time in the proud history of the isle of saints and scholars, when she was the school, the home of learning ; at a time when scholars by thousands from far and near flocked to her numerous colleges and universities.

The retrospect of the past has in it nothing of sadness, much less of unkindness. The golden sheen of the onflowing years possesses

the magic power of throwing into stronger light their gentleness, their forbearance, their manly Christian character, as well as their learning and solid piety. The memory of all these traits and attributes has been to us all a trail of living light athwart our pathway—memories that will leave us only with life itself, having entered into every fibre of our being. They form a part of our personality.

Who can call to mind the venerable and saintly form of the first president, the Very Rev. Father Vandenhende,—to me like an animated figure of some saint taken from the niche of some old cathedral,—and not feel better for the very remembrance? His life to us was a real education, his character and eminent sanctity a genuine inspiration for all that was and is noblest and best in the upbuilding of a true priest of God ; while his profound erudition in ecclesiastical science was to us a theme of wonder and amazement. “Take him for all and all, we shall not look upon his like again.” I think I may safely assume, that your experience, as well as my own, has afforded us no contradiction of this statement. May Time in his flight be still kind to him and deal with him gently !

Then there looms up before our mental vision, the cultured, the learned, and, to some of us, the austere Father Sherwood Alexander Healy, the first vice-president, who though indigenous to the soil, seemed perfectly at ease with the other members of the faculty, combining the best training of both the New and the Old World, giving us always the best fruits of a rich and well-stored mind, and thus placing the Seminary in the front rank for its strict and graceful liturgy. His untimely death was a real loss to the American episcopacy, among whom he was destined to rank. Rest to his soul.

I think it no exaggeration to say that every alumnus of Troy has a warm place in his heart for the broad-shouldered, the large-hearted, the fatherly professor of Sacred Scripture, the Rev. Father Charles Roelants, D.D., a man without guile, perfectly incapable of anything that was not honorable and elevating, a man whose sympathies were as extensive as humanity itself. He was the ideal teacher, saying neither too much nor too little. His recent death was a personal loss to all Trojans. Peace, rest, and light perpetual to his pure virgin soul.

I am really at a loss to find words with which to sketch the character of the last president of our beloved Alma Mater—a character so unique and so self-effacing. We all know and admire his extreme modesty and childlike simplicity. Those of us whom he taught in Moral Theology, and who have guided in the spiritual life thousands of souls since, owe him a debt whose magnitude is difficult to realize. When our distinguished professor of Dogmatic Theology was elevated to the episcopate, the destinies of St. Joseph's Seminary were placed under the wise rule and jurisdiction of Father Peter Puissant. It is no small praise to be able to record that he kept the Seminary to its pristine position of efficiency and usefulness. He saw to it that its brilliant career terminated with honor on Mount Ida, and mingled its ebbing life with the onflow of the strong tide of its vigorous successor at Dunwoodie, blending in immortal unity the one with the other, thus making perpetual for all time, the pure, the hallowed source of this sacred stream from its Trojan hillside—the home of our old professors.

Of the living it does not become us to speak,

except in words of extreme moderation. During the eloquent and learned response to the toast of "Our Holy Father" by the Right Rev. Bishop of Ogdensburg, we seemed transported back to the lecture hall in St. Joseph's, Troy, where for three years, many of us here present imbibed the flow of learning that fell from his lips in Ciceronian Latin, that has since converted some of us into real champions in defense of Mother Church and her saving teachings, and enabled them to dispel the gloom of ignorance by luminous expositions of these same truths from many platforms and pulpits. Shall we say that he has multiplied himself by the numbers of those whom he taught? We hope and trust and will always pray that his success in the episcopal office may be as full as in the chair of Dogmatic Theology. *Intende, prospere procede, et regna.*

This continual feast of theological and spiritual pabulum would have been an utter impossibility were it not for the bountiful supply of that which builds up the various tissues of our bodily frame, and gives strength and vigor to every nerve and muscle of our



bodies, especially in the case of the gray matter of the brain. The necessity of the *mens sana in corpore sano* is as old as the race. The commissary department is not the least essential element of a long and successful campaign. When the illustrious Cardinal placed this vital and life-sustaining function of the old faculty in the hands of the painstaking, the conscientious, the prudent, and the fatherly procurator, the students of that period thanked and blessed God for it. No one gave, no one could give us a heartier welcome when we returned after vacation than Father John Edwards. No one possessed in a higher degree than he the happy faculty of making himself all to all. When the Holy Father, the great Leo, whose eminent genius places him among the greatest of the illustrious Pontiffs in the chair of Peter, set him among the chosen ones of his own household, as a domestic prelate, and bade him wear the purple, he not only honored us and our alumnus but himself as well. May his sublime mission as friend and benefactor of priests and people continue for years to come to extend a helping and uplifting hand to them in their sorest need, and at the same time to shed

renown and glory and blessings on St. Joseph's Seminary, and its old professors. In him we gather up other names that have shed credit and lasting fame on our Alma Mater and place them as a fragrant bouquet upon the altar in the dear old chapel : the gentle Aloysian student, Denis Bradley, now the Right Reverend Father in God, Bishop of Manchester ; the man full of apostolic zeal and enterprise, the Right Rev. Bishop Tierney, of Hartford, Conn. ; the profound, the versatile, and classical pulpit orator, and wise counsellor and Vicar General of his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, the Right Rev. Monsignor, and President of our Alumni, Joseph F. Mooney ; the saintly, the learned, the eloquent, the man of great spiritual gifts, the Right Rev. Monsignor J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., of Utica, N. Y. ; the pious and prudent Vicar General, Right Rev. Monsignor Kennedy, of Syracuse, N. Y. ; and the Rev. Philip A. Garrigan, D.D., the worthy Vice Rector of the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. May many years pass until any tongue shall pronounce their eulogy.

ADDRESS AT A MEETING TO ERECT A  
MEMORIAL OF THE BATTLE OF  
HEATHCOTE HILL, MAMARONECK,  
OCTOBER 27, 1903.

*Mr. Chairman, Friends, and Neighbors :*

It is with sincere feelings of diffidence that I arise to address you this evening, both on account of the importance of the subject and my inability to do anything like justice to it. It is something, however, to make a beginning, and to trace in feeble outline a theme so sacred and so dear to every member of our community as the event we commemorate. It links us in undying memory with the most important struggle for the inalienable rights of man, and with the glorious history of the battlefields of the Revolution. It makes sacred and hallowed, beyond the power of expression, the very soil that we tread upon. It placed the consecration of the purest patriot blood of

the Revolutionary heroes upon the soil of Mamaroneck, and calls us here together this evening in a most praiseworthy celebration of an incident which gives our town a place in Revolutionary history.

The celebration of the 127th anniversary of the battle of Heathcote Hill is an outgrowth of a law of our nature. We are impelled in the performance of this pleasing and patriotic duty by every impulse and fibre of our being. "*Movemur enim*," says Cicero, "*nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia*" — "We are affected, I know not why, by the very localities where the traces exist of those whom we love and admire." Here we have the testimony of a pagan, who expresses this natural feeling of love and veneration of places made sacred by the footprints of those whom we admire and love. Passing from the natural to the supernatural, from the promptings of our natural desires to those inspired by religion, we know how sacred in the eyes of all Christians are the places connected with Christ and the events of our Redemption. The object of the ten Crusades was to prevent

the sacrilegious profanation of the sepulchre of the Redeemer at the hands of the Turks. All Europe was stirred to its depths in these Crusades. They had for their object the honor and veneration of the places made sacred and holy by their contact with Christ. And this natural impulse spoken of by Cicero thus took on a new character, because it sprang from motives of faith, and was connected with the most important event of all time. Next to God is country; next to faith is patriotism; and hence, to us Americans, next to the Holy Land and its scenes are the great events and places intimately connected with the struggles and the heroic sacrifices of the American Revolution — the successful issue of which placed us in the family of nations.

It will scarcely be necessary in this place to dwell at length upon the causes that led up to and culminated in the rupture between the colonies and the mother country. There was no opposition between the people of the colonies and the British Constitution, which Cardinal Newman held was next to that of the Church of God, but to the usurpations of Parliament and a subversion of the Constitution

of England. And in this contest we had the adherence and the sanction of some of the foremost statesmen of the English Parliament. What schoolboy has not recited with fervor and patriotic glow some of the soul-stirring speeches of Lord Chatham against the tyranny of the parliamentary majority? This defect of the English Constitution, the framers of our own were more than careful to supply by safeguards and limitations, that would prevent any usurpation of the kind that the English statesmen were guilty of. Shortly after the French War, which reduced Canada to a British province, the English Cabinet, with a subservient majority in Parliament, began its series of encroachments upon the rights of the colonies, in defiance of the principle of law in force among all free people that taxation without representation is an intolerable tyranny. These unlawful usurpations on the part of the English Parliament, beginning with the famous "Stamp Act," enacted in the year 1765, and which continued for a period of ten years, ushered in the golden hour of a struggle of which we seek in vain for a parallel, and which stands alone in the his-

tory of the ages, by reason of its importance to our own country, as well as to the great brotherhood of man. It was during this period of ten years while the fires of patriotism were smouldering, that the resistance to the mother country gained new strength and power. It was at that time that the immortal Patrick Henry, in the Virginia House of Burgesses, fired the patriotic hearts of the South as well as the North, and his fiery eloquence and sublime passion had no small share in fanning the fires of patriotism among the colonists. "Why," he exclaimed in the Virginia House of Assembly, "stand we here idle? What do gentlemen wish? Our brethren are already in the field. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." And this prophecy on the part of the Virginian patriot was gloriously and luminously verified in the ever-memorable encounter upon the field of Lexington, which received the first warm blood of our patriot sires in the struggle for independence, on the 19th day of April, 1775, when was fired the shot that was heard round the world: its reverberations

will continue to the end of time. This first immolation on the altar of patriotic sacrifice, while it was not a victory from a military point of view, from a moral standpoint it was the most important and the most far-reaching that history records, since it produced the immediate result of calling into existence the Army of the Revolution, composed of the purest of patriots and the bravest of soldiers. The Continental Congress, then in session for more than a year in Philadelphia, called for an army of volunteers from New England alone of thirty thousand men, not to mention those who were being recruited in the other colonies. It was now proposed to drive the British out of Boston, and as a preliminary to this, the American forces, under the command of Generals Warren, Putnam, and Stark, fought the never-to-be-forgotten Battle of Bunker Hill, where the British forces, composed of the best-trained soldiers of Europe were thrice repulsed, and when the ammunition was exhausted on the American side, the brave men and true fought with the butt-ends of their muskets, and were only driven from their works at the point of the bayonet. The consequence of this battle



no one can fitly describe ; it was the first great battle of the Revolution, and not only the first blow, but the blow which determined the contest. When the sun of that day went down the event of independence was no longer doubtful. When Washington was told a few days afterwards that the Continentals had not only stood the fire of the English regulars, but reserved their own until the enemy was within eight rods, and then poured it in with tremendous effect, "Then," exclaimed he, "the liberties of the country are safe." The results of this battle were just of the same importance as the Revolution itself.

It will not be amiss before taking leave of the battle of Bunker Hill, to render our meed of honor and deep-seated veneration to the memory, the heroic bravery, and the ardent patriotism of the first great martyr in the annals of the conflict whose fruits and blessings we are happily enjoying. Need I say, that I refer to General Warren, the destined leader of the Army of the Revolution ?

In an apostrophe uttered by the foremost man in our history for eloquence and statesmanship, the great Webster, he said, " Wheresoever

among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspiration shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit !”

We now approach an event whose surpassing importance no orator or historian can do justice to, an event that was providential, that bore the impress and character of the highest wisdom and the most unselfish patriotism, and that gave to history and to mankind one of the greatest of military men, and to a nation its greatest benefactor—the appointment of George Washington, by the Continental Congress, of which he was a deputy from Virginia, to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. This great man, who already thus possessed the universal confidence and esteem of his countrymen, accepted the appointment with unfeigned modesty, and immediately took command of the army in the vicinity of Boston. Let me add in passing, that on his way from Philadelphia to the seat of war, he made the journey from New York to Boston on the “Boston Post Road” which passes through our village, and this was the only time, as far as I have been able

to discover, that he was in our historic town. Shall we say, that in passing through our beloved borough he left behind him the kindly touch of his blessing, and inspiration to the highest measure of patriotism which bore such abundant fruit in our veterans of three wars, and which has rested upon it ever since like a trail of living light? Before his arrival, the scheme of surrounding the royal forces in Boston had already been contrived, and was about to be put in execution; Washington pursued it with such ardor and success as to leave them no resource but immediate departure on board their vessels, hitherto anchored in the harbor. Accordingly, on the 17th day of March, 1776, the British troops, amounting to more than seven thousand men, evacuated the town, which was immediately occupied by the triumphant Provincials.

Shortly after this, the English, having endeavored, first to surprise New York, and then to reduce Charleston by a vigorous attack, were foiled in both attempts. On our side, it is true, we were not more fortunate in our own attempt upon Canada,—except the taking of Montreal,—and, rather, suffered a considerable

loss, in the siege of Quebec, which cost the life of General Montgomery, the most conspicuous and the most important contribution to the Revolutionary Army of our county of Westchester; and reduced Colonel Arnold to the necessity of retreating; but this unhappy expedition went at least to show the ardor of the colonists even for offensive warfare, while all their energies were required to defend themselves against a powerful enemy.

The next great event, one of the highest historic importance, we approach with feelings of the most profound reverence and the most sincere veneration. In all that has been related so far the colonists had not renounced their allegiance to the British crown. There was in the colonies a spirit of open and unflinching resistance to what they almost unanimously deemed an invasion of their rights and privileges; but the people and their representatives had, until the close of the year 1775, entertained the hope and expressed the desire of bringing their controversy with Great Britain to a speedy and amicable conclusion. Unfortunately for England, her existing ministry had determined to

maintain by force the right of taxation and the legislative supremacy of Parliament over the colonies; and the colonies were equally determined to repel the claim by force.

The exasperation of the people in America rose to the highest pitch when they were informed that measures for fresh hostilities had been taken by Great Britain against them, so far as to hire multitudes of foreign troops and the merciless Indian savages for a more vigorous prosecution of the war—an atrocity against which Lord Chatham protested with all the might of his wonderful eloquence on the floor of the English House of Lords. The public mind, under the constant excitement of sufferings or fears, began to think of adopting a course different from that hitherto pursued. The winter and spring of 1776 were spent in discussions, appeals, and publications of every sort, urging the expediency of a total separation from the mother country. The momentous step was taken into serious consideration by Congress, then assembled at Philadelphia and consisting of the representatives of thirteen colonies. After long and animated debates, a Declaration of Independence,

drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, was unanimously approved on the Fourth of July, a day forever memorable in the annals of our country. In a word, it ushered in the birth of the youngest, the freest, and the most important offspring in the family of nations. It shed lustre, renown, and glory upon humanity itself. It verified the prophecy of Berkeley, that "Time's noblest offspring is the last." As a civil act, and by the people's decree, and not by the achievement of the army or through military motives, at the first stage of the conflict it designated a new nationality with its own institutions as the civilly pre-ordained end to be fought for and secured. It did not leave it to be an after-fruit of triumphant war, shaped and measured by military power, and conferred by the army on the people. This assured at the outset the supremacy of civil over military authority, the subordination of the army to the unarmed people. This Declaration of Independence, on the eleventh day of July, "with beat of drum," was solemnly and officially proclaimed in the old court-house, at White Plains, and the delegates of this colony, in the Continental

Congress at Philadelphia, were authorized to consent to and adopt all such measures as they might deem conducive to the happiness and welfare of the United States of America. The Third Provincial Congress of New York, having thus officially ratified in the name of the people of this colony the Declaration of Independence, shortly afterwards established the first State government, under the new order of things, and thus was brought into existence the great " Empire State."

After this digression we will again resume the course of military events terminating in the battle of White Plains. At the close of the siege of Boston, General Howe proceeded to Halifax, and General Washington towards New York. General Howe remained some time at Halifax ; and on the 2d of July, landed, without opposition, on Staten Island. His united military force comprised the army formerly quartered in Boston, some troops from the southern colonies, a large addition of fresh troops from England, and some 14,000 Hessian mercenaries. In the aggregate there were 20,000 men (some historians place the number at a higher figure).

To oppose this large force of regular troops, the Americans had not quite 11,000 men, most of whom were raw militia. With the details of the battle of Long Island, which presently followed, our narrative is not concerned, but it is sufficient to briefly summarize its results, since they are intimately concerned with our present purpose. By noon on the 27th of August, that disastrous battle ended in a complete victory for the British, and Washington, having sustained a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, retired with his whole remaining force, which, as slightly reinforced the next day, did not exceed 9,000 men.

Of all the periods of the Revolution, this was the most gloomy and most disheartening. A retreat from Long Island now became absolutely necessary. General Washington, without the knowledge of General Howe, availing himself of a dense fog and rain, and favored by a fair wind, safely crossed the East River, with all his troops, stores, and artillery, except a few heavy pieces which the mud prevented him from moving. The army reached New York on the morning of the 30th of August. The British on Septem-



ber the 15th, 1776, took possession of New York, with a large detachment under General Robertson, while Howe and the main body of the army encamped on the outskirts of the city, near Throg's Neck. Washington took position in their front, and for the protection of his army he fortified Harlem Heights with a triple line of intrenchments extending across Manhattan Island. The Harlem lines being too strong for a front attack, Howe, after leaving a sufficient force under Lord Percy to watch them and guard the city, embarked, October 12th, his main army on ninety flatboats. His object was to cut off Washington's retreat and shut him up on Manhattan Island, the only exit from which was by Kingsbridge. Adverse winds so delayed the British General that he only passed Hell Gate on the afternoon of the 14th, and the fleet did not reach Throg's Neck till nightfall. Here Howe had previously landed his advance guard, but Washington had anticipated him, by occupying on the 12th the passes leading to the mainland. The enemy's design being now fully developed, it was decided in a council of war, held in

the American camp on the 16th, to leave Harlem Heights, and to evacuate the whole of Manhattan Island, except Fort Washington, which General Greene deemed impregnable and of great value for future operations. Accordingly, the American army formed a series of intrenched camps on the hills skirting the right bank of the Bronx, and extending thirteen miles, from Fordham Heights to White Plains, and protected from the enemy by the river in front.

Hitherto we have been engaged in constructing the framework as well as the background of a verbal historical painting, in which to bring out the memorable part of Mamaroneck, as an incident attaching to the battle of White Plains. While the division commanded by General Heath was hurrying, by a forced march, towards White Plains, during the night of the 21st of October, another portion of the American army was engaged in a brilliant dash on the enemy's outpost at Mamaroneck. It will be recollected that on the 21st of October, when the right and centre of the main body of the royal army were moved forward to a position be-

tween New Rochelle and White Plains, the Queen's Rangers, a select body of loyalists, commanded by the celebrated partisan, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Rogers, were pushed forward to Mamaroneck, which they occupied early in the morning of that day.

General Washington at this time was at White Plains, and received information of that occupation of Mamaroneck, and determined to make an attack on the Queen's Rangers who were posted there. In accordance with that determination, and with orders which were issued by General Washington, General Lord Stirling, who had reached White Plains with his command during the morning of that day, detached Major Green with one hundred and fifty men from the First and Third Virginia regiments, and Colonel John Haslet with six hundred men from his own, the Delaware, and other regiments, with orders to fall on the Rangers during the coming night. The movement was made with good judgment and ability; the Rangers were entirely surprised, through the carelessness of their sentries; and, as was stated by an officer in the royal army, they were "very roughly handled." In

consequence of the bad conduct of the guides whom Colonel Haslet had employed, who "undertook to alter the first disposition" of the attacking party, the success was not as complete as it probably would have been had the guides done their duty properly. As it was, Colonel Haslet, and his gallant command, handled the Rangers "very roughly," killing and wounding a considerable number, carrying back to White Plains thirty-six prisoners, and including among the trophies of their bravery, "a pair of colors, sixty stand of arms, and a variety of plunder." On the side of the Americans three or four were left dead, and about fifteen were wounded, among the latter Major Green, of the Second Virginia Regiment, wounded in the shoulder, and Captain Pope, who acted as Major, and behaved with great bravery, wounded in the leg. General Lord Stirling is said to have been so highly pleased with the success of the expedition, that he thanked Colonel Haslet and his command publicly on parade. According to local tradition, all the dead of both sides were buried just over the top of the ridge almost directly north of the Heathcote Hill House.

There their graves lie together, friend and foe, but all Americans.

A distinguished clerical friend of mine, Father William Livingston, wrote the following beautiful lines in relation to Valentine Hill, the headquarters of General Washington during the campaign of Westchester County, which terminated in the battle of White Plains, and they are eminently applicable to our own Heathcote Hill.

“Here on this hill, in the olden days,  
When veins ran warm with a patriot fire,  
They stood in the ranks, their hearts ablaze,  
Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire.

And the virgin land they loved so well  
Was flushed with the rich, red blood they gave;  
She rose in strength as her heroes fell,  
And to give her power they sought the grave.

Some of their forms are carved in stone,  
Their names are clothed with a nation's pride,  
And thousands sank to their death unknown;  
For love they struggled, for love they died.

We honor them all, and we love the fields  
These resolute soldier martyrs trod;  
And the seed they planted this harvest yields,—  
The road of sacrifice leads to God.”

As is well known, on the 28th of October of the same year, the famous battle of White Plains was fought, in which several hundred were killed and wounded on both sides, and in which battle neither party could claim a victory.

It is not our purpose to follow General Washington and his heroic army through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, or to speak of the signal and decisive victory at Saratoga ; of the alliance with France and her friendly aid, her soldiers, army, navy, and monetary loans ; ending with the surrender of the English army under Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781.

Such, in fine, was the creation of the Republic of the United States—the inauguration of a new era in the life of the human race—the era of the rights of manhood, and of citizenship, and the rights of the people. And who can think without a thrill of emotion of the sublime spectacle of General George Washington, at the close of his brilliant achievements, handing back his victorious sword to the Congress that gave it to him. This act on the part of the “Father of his Country,”

while it expressed beyond the power of the most fervid eloquence the genius of our democracy, foreshadowed the secret of our success as the foremost nation in history—the subordination of the military to the civil power, of the sword to the supremacy of the state.

Contrast this with the action of the most prominent character in the greatest government of Ancient History, the great Julius, who, in crossing the Rubicon in defiance of the decree of the Roman Senate, trampled under the feet of his victorious legions the civil power from which he held his authority.

In this connection I cannot refrain from quoting the words of the Irish barrister and orator, Charles Philips: "Cæsar was merciful, Hannibal was patient, Scipio was continent, but it was reserved for Washington to blend all these into one, and like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master."

By our adherence to this sacred principle and wise statesmanship, we have progressed without precedent, our prosperity has been

phenomenal, our growth and expansion marvellous, and our civil and religious rights unquestioned. And thus, by the moral power of our example, we have made all nations our debtors, and the English colonies in particular, for the reason that the English Parliament, after this war, abandoned its policy of aggression and injustice in the colonies.

And finally, in reviewing the work of our revolutionary sires, the founders of the States that formed the new Republic, we cannot withhold from them our highest praise for their combined wisdom and courage in laying sure the foundations of liberty and justice, on which the government rests. Fortunate first in the clearness of their title and the world's acceptance of their rightful claim ; fortunate also in the enduring magnitude of the state they founded, in the protection of the vast interests of human life and happiness which have here their abiding home ; fortunate again, in the full demonstration by our Civil War, that their work is adequate to withstand the most disastrous storms of human fortune, and survives unwrecked and unshaken.

But for ourselves, we may praise what we can-



not equal, much less surpass, and devoutly and reverently celebrate heroic actions which we were not born to perform. *Pulchrum est benefacere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.*

## WASHINGTON ROCK, MAMARONECK— MOVEMENT FOR ITS PRESERVATION AND THE ERECTION OF A TABLET.

(From the *New York Tribune*, Oct. 14, 1903.)

THE residents of Mamaroneck-on-the-Sound have formed an association to preserve Washington Rock. The likeness of the head and features of the Father of His Country was first seen several years ago on a rock on the Boston Post Road, at the entrance to Orienta Point, a colony of rich New Yorkers. It was supposed at the time that it was produced by a blast made by some Italian workmen, but because it is close to the site of Washington's headquarters when he fought the battle of Heathcote Hill, and within a stone's throw of the old house where it is reputed that Cooper's character, Harvey Birch, in *The Spy*, lived and hid his gold, some of the more superstitious people of the town are inclined to attach a supernatural origin to it.

The head and features of Washington appear on the rock in heroic size, and at certain angles the resemblance is complete. The nose is formed by a projection and the mouth and eyes by the dark coloring of the rock. One of the features is the growth of vines which frames the face of Washington.

The wide and growing attention which has been attracted to the phenomenon led [the Rev. F. P. Upham, Father Meister, and others] to believe that some action

should be taken to commemorate and preserve the historical events of the neighborhood by suitably marking the spot. Several public meetings have been held and the people interested have formed the Washington Rock Association, with Colonel Henry W. Sackett, president, and Reuben G. Brewer, treasurer. It is proposed to collect a fund to erect a bronze tablet upon the rock and dedicate it on October 21, 1904, the 128th anniversary of the battle of Heathcote Hill, with a general celebration. The association is to have the co-operation of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society and the Sons of the American Revolution in raising the funds.



















